

THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1859.



MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

AMONG the most remarkable of women must be named Madame Pfeiffer, whose recent decease renders this a proper moment for a brief sketch of her history. For a man to travel where this intrepid woman has been, would be regarded as a great achievement,—for a woman it is extraordinary. Bayard Taylor has gained the sobriquet of “great American traveler,” for having been

upon comparatively pleasant voyages, mostly in civilized portions of the globe; he has won the name of “celebrated author” chiefly for having recorded how he ate, and slept, and suffered from hard riding or mosquitoes; but here is a woman, whose journeys by land and sea of over 130,000 miles, through some of the most savage and unfrequented portions of the globe, have been characterized by

alarming experiences; whose books of travel possess intense interest, and betray keen powers of observation, and yet, she passes away forever with comparatively little remark from the press of this country. Is it because she was a *woman*? How blindly do fate and fame mete out their crowns!

Ida was born in Vienna in the year 1797, consequently was sixty-one years of age at her death. She grew up in Vienna, surrounded by brilliant society, and received a good education. In childhood she betrayed many traits which had their fuller and marked development in after years. Thus, she loved adventure to an astonishing degree, and was led to many a secret "tramp" which caused a flutter among the household; she was dogged in her resolutions,* but of a self-sacrificing and forgiving temper; she had quick perceptions, and was acute in appropriating circumstances and incidents which tended to her advancement; she was morally and physically brave; all of these qualities showed themselves in early youth, and out of them grew the intrepid traveler of her later years.

At the age of twenty-three she married a physician of Lemberg, and, giving up her longings for journeys into strange lands, she became a model mother. She enjoyed many years of unalloyed home happiness, raising two sons to occupy positions

of respectability,—one having studied music under the great Mendelssohn (and now residing in Rio Janiero), and the other becoming a merchant, whose success and nobility of character prove the excellence of the mother who brought him up.

Having lost her excellent husband, and having settled her sons well in life, the resolute woman determined, even at her now somewhat advanced age, to follow up her early plans for travel; and, though opposed by her family and friends,—though somewhat restricted as to means, she braved all, and passed into Palestine and Syria, upon her lonely wanderings, in the year 1842. Her *trip*, as she modestly called it, was one of real pleasure, and served to confirm her purposes and aims. Returned to Vienna, she published her first volume, "The Travels of a Vienna Lady in the Holy Land." Its large sale, and the general interest excited in the "female traveler," showed that she had not mistaken her vocation. To travel well is as much a talent as to talk well; and to write well of good traveling, proves the person especially endowed for *the profession*. The world has had many good travelers, from the time of Pliny and Herodotus down to Lieut. Strain; but, how few of all that great number have left us imperishable records.

In 1844, she went to Northern Europe, threading her way, almost untended, through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland. The results of this very interesting tour she gave to the world in a volume of "Travels," brought out in Pesth, early in the year 1846. Immediately after, she entered upon her journey around the world, leaving Vienna, May 1st, 1846, for Rio Janiero, where one of her sons dwelt, arriving there in September, after a series of escapes from shipwreck. Resting but a brief period, in company with Count Berchthold for a part of the time, she traveled extensively through Brazil, then

* As illustrative of this trait of character, we may quote the following incident:

"When Napoleon was residing at Schoenbrunn, after his entry into Vienna, he was to hold a grand review of his troops, to which all the inhabitants of Vienna went, from a desire to see the greatest general of his time. Ida, who was then eleven years old, had learned, from books and persons by whom she was surrounded, to look upon him as a tyrant and an oppressor of her country, and she consequently entertained the most intense hatred toward him. She had refused to go when asked by her mother; but the latter, not wishing to be deprived of the pleasure, took her daughter by force to the review. They obtained a good station, from whence they could see all that passed. At length, the procession began to move, and as a body of officers were riding by, Ida, in order that her eyes might not be polluted with the sight of the man she so thoroughly detested, turned her back toward them. The emperor was not, however, among them. Her mother, annoyed at her obstinacy, took her by the shoulders and turned her back again; but Ida, determined not to look at him, resolutely closed her eyes, and kept them shut till the emperor and his retinue passed."

and still a country comparatively little known. Her appearance everywhere in that wild, half-civilized region, served to attract attention; but even the Indians of the pampas respected her sex, and let her pass unharmed. From Brazil she proceeded, by way of Cape Horn, to Chili, and thence to Tahiti, an island which she thoroughly explored in a fortnight. She next reached China, but did not succeed in penetrating into the interior of that country: proceeded to Calcutta, and thence traveled overland to Bombay. After a short stay at that Presidency, she started for Bassora, on her way to Baghdad. From this point she began a perilous journey to Mosul, traveling, as she described it, like the poorest Arab; and after many startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes from robbers and the treachery of her solitary guide, whom her resolution and courage alone kept in check, she achieved the passage of the Koordish mountains, and arrived in safety at the missionary station of Oroomiah. Thence she continued her journey through Persia, and, returning by way of Russia, Constantinople, and Athens, reached Vienna in November, 1848.

This remarkable journey may well challenge our astonishment. That a woman, unattended by protector, or even servant, should dare climate, danger, disease, sufferings, savages (civilized and uncivilized), can not fail to command the admiration of all generations. Such courage as she displayed, would have been deemed prodigious, even on a battle-field; while her endurance, her pertinacity in accomplishing her purpose, her sagacity, her power over those around her, her personal address, if exercised in any other cause worthy of her powers, could not have failed in accomplishing great results. She always averred that her very helplessness was her best protector; but this was her modest characterization of what really were wonderful powers of mind and body.

Still unsatisfied in her longings, she entered upon her second journey around the globe, leaving London in the year 1851 for Cape Town, in South Africa, where she spent some time in adventures among Bushmen, Boors, Hottentots, and the Kraals. From thence she went to Singapore and the tropical islands of the East Indian archipelago, visiting Borneo, and penetrating to the gold and diamond mines of Sandak. She then went over to Java and Sumatra.

Her adventures in those pestilent and savage countries are full of startling experiences, such as few travelers have known. Indeed, it causes astonishment that a woman should have ventured into such dangers as she *knew* awaited her among the fierce cannibals of the coffee country. Our "great American traveler's" nerves never have been tried in such a service. Had Mr. Taylor pushed into the country above the White Nile, among the Shillooks, his hazards would have been less than those which Madame Pfeiffer encountered among the ferocious natives of Java and Sumatra. When danger stared him in the face, he beat a *hasty* retreat; when the woman was told of danger, she never, for a moment, swerved from her purpose; one had "pluck," the other had but the semblance of it.

She remained long enough among the savage tribes to become acquainted with their habits, and penetrated further than any preceding traveler. After visiting the Moluccas, she proceeded to California, that "execrable gold land," as she termed it, sailed down the western coast of America, reached to the source of the Amazon river, crossed the Andes, beheld the snow-capped peaks of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, and after seeing what North America has to show of the grand and beautiful, she went to London, for the second time in the course of her journeyings, at the end of the year 1854.

A gentleman who met the lady

previous to the time of her departure on this last journey, thus describes her :

"I can not understand how any one who has seen her while conversing, can call her plain. Her smile is particularly sweet and captivating. Her soul beams from her eyes, and I can compare her smile to nothing less than the sunlight darting from behind a cloud. She is very unassuming in her manners, animated and easy in her conversation. She spoke of her travels in an unaffected style, and her thoughts flew in a moment from one part of the world to the opposite, whenever she related a story and wished to draw a contrast between different people. She has been where no white man has ever dared to venture—amidst cannibals in both hemispheres—and I laid three of my fingers in a scar on the upper part of her left arm, inflicted by a cannibal of Patagonia."

Again the spirit moved her, as she said, and the inhospitable island of Madagascar was her next place of sojourn. Thither she went in 1857. She was permitted, by the tyrannical queen of those barbarous leagues of lovely land, liberties which would have been accorded to no man; still, she suffered various hardships, and finally was seized with a fever which compelled her early return. Great prostration followed, and her decline baffled all skill. She expired at her old home in Vienna, on the 27th of October last, in her *sixty-first* year.

Through all her journeyings she had enjoyed excellent health, and, as she said, "possessed nerves and sinews of steel." She did not travel for reputation's sake, as too many do, but for her own satisfaction and improvement. That she visited unfrequented routes, where ease and luxurious living were perfect strangers, and that, of all adventures in such regions, she neither boasted nor blamed, shows her to have possessed the heart of the true traveler, modest in all her riches of experience. When this generation

of far-and-wide tourists learn of her courage, constancy, modesty—when they become possessed of her enthusiasm and force, than shall we have more Dr. Garths, Humboldts, Livingstones, Pfeiffers.

PENITENCE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Oh, I am sick of what I am! Of all
Which I in life can ever hope to be;
Angels of light, be pitiful to me—
Build your white wings about me like a
wall,
And save me from the thought of what has
been,
In days and years I have no pleasure in.

Disabled, stall'd in habit's deep-worn rut,
My labor is a vain and empty strife—
A useless tugging at the wheels of life
After the vital tendons all are cut:
I have no plea, no argument to make—
Only your love can save me for love's sake.

The evil I have done I do deplore,
And give my praise to whom it doth belong
For each good deed that seemeth out of
wrong
An accidental step, and nothing more.
Treasure for heavenly investment meant,
I, like a thriftless prodigal, have spent.

I am not in the favor of men's eyes,
Nor am I skill'd immortal stuff to weave;
No rose of honor wear I on my sleeve,
To cheer the gloom when that my body lies
An unrigg'd hulk, to rot upon death's ford—
The crew of mutinous senses overboard.

What shall I bring Thy anger to efface,
Great Lord! The flowers along the summer
brooks
In bashful silence praise Thee with sweet
looks.

But I, alas! am poor in beauty's grace,
And am undone—lost utterly, unless
My faults Thou buriest in Thy tenderness.

MY TREASURE.

SPARKLING brightly 'neath my eyes,
What upon my bosom lies?
Form'd of manly gems, it seems,
Rubies bright and sapphire gleams;
Shining with a chasten'd glow,
Through a veil of purest snow.
What's this gem of purest grace?
'Tis a little baby face!

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER III.

"He grew more pious, the more he made,
And the more he pray'd, why, the more he prey'd;
He gave to religion his honest aid,
And for a magnificent church he paid;
From the lofty tower to the first stone laid
Floor, ceiling, pulpit, and gallery.
Yes! he own'd a church—and a clergyman,
Who preach'd of a heaven on the opera plan
(Best seats reserved for the upper ten),
And whose silvery accents so subtly ran,
They could n't offend the most sensitive man,
For a very handsome salary."

IT may be inferred that, because Mr. Livingstone had Sunday dinners, a good appetite, and a merry laugh, he made no pretensions to church piety. If so, there is a mistake. Not one of his brother bankers upon Wall Street was more excellent in behavior than he. He was eminently an upholder of the proprieties of life. He believed in the decorum of religious ceremonies. He owned a large share of the stock of a fashionable church; the minister was generously supported by him; once a Sabbath his coachman drove his carriage to the church-door, and he, and his wife and daughter, with gold-bound, velvet-covered books of praise and prayer, stole softly to their wide and conspicuous pew. He was one of the chief managers of the church affairs; his pastor sat often at his board; his name, respected and influential, headed many of the contributions for missionary and charitable purposes. As the world goes, Endicott Livingstone was a Christian gentleman. Himself and wife were church members, and their child had been baptized in her infancy with unusual pomp and feasting.

His wife considered him a very good husband. She honored his position before the world, and regarded him as generous and conciliating in his family. She did not require that depth of affection which some feminine natures flourish best in; she knew that he was contented with her good looks and queenly manners, and was

willing to preside befittingly over the beautiful home he furnished her.

Martha had never seen any bickering or ill-feeling between her parents. They loved her only too indulgently; and she, in return, revered and clung to them.

"What a disagreeable person that Mr. Reynard was, whom you brought home with you yesterday," remarked Mrs. Livingstone, the next morning, at breakfast.

"Do you think so?" he asked, rather abstractedly.

"Oh, yes, papa," added Martha, "I think him absolutely repulsive. How came you to ask him here?"

"He is in the city on business; he is from the West, and as he had important business with me, I could not very well escape showing him some hospitality. I beg your pardon, ladies, for making you accessories to work-a-day affairs, but it will really be a favor to me if you will try to treat him pleasantly whenever I may chance to invite him during his stay."

"I thought you never intruded your business acquaintance upon your wife and daughter, unless they were also your friends," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Making us 'lobby' for you, like the ladies at Washington," laughed Martha.

Her father did not smile at the sally; he looked annoyed. "I do not give you any very serious vexations," he said, more abruptly than was his wont. "If you could guess what the cares of the head of this superb establishment were, you might be willing to lift a feather with your finger-tips toward lightening them."

Martha left her seat as he pushed back his chair, and running round to him, perched herself upon his knee, leaning her cheek close to his.

"Forgive us, papa; we were not in earnest. I *only wish* that I could

help you in some way, dear father. Make me useful, will you not?"

"Make a canary or a lily-flower useful!" smiled he, recovering himself, and kissing the roseate mouth that had just put so earnest a question.

"I am afraid you are in some trouble with your affairs," said his wife, who had observed many signs of mental excitement, and some hours of gloom in her husband, ever since the beginning of the monetary crisis which had already destroyed, as by an earthquake, many old substantial houses.

"Our firm was never more prosperous; so do not make yourself unhappy, Olivia. Having stood the first two or three shocks, we are now making money out of other people's misfortunes. What shall I bring you to-day, puss?"

"I haven't a want, strange to say, papa."

"Nor you, wifey?"

"I have not time to think of worldly things now, my dear. Between twelve and one, and four and five, I shall be at prayer-meeting. It will not do to be cold and uninterested when one's countenance and example may do much—besides the strength it affords to one's own spirit. Will you not go to the John Street prayers at noon to-day?"

"Yes, I shall be there," answered Mr. Livingstone, almost with a groan, as he set Martha off his knee, and arose.

They looked at him with surprise; he kissed them hastily, and went out without another word. His princely carriage rolled down the avenue, glanced like an arrow through the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway, and turned off into the still more crowded Wall Street, and the genial host of the Sunday dinner was once more a man of business. By shrewd management he closed a transaction, by which the firm were clear gainers of some fifteen thousand dollars, just as the bells of old Trinity pealed twelve, as her huge tower

stood, keeping stately watch and ward at the head of the street. Mr. Livingstone seized his hat; Mr. Reynard was waiting for him, and together they hastened to the house of prayer.

The banker sat, the most of the hour, with his head bowed upon the railing before him, while tears, which were the concentration of bitterness, poured down his face.

"Are them crocodile's tears?" whispered Reynard, with a sneer upon his hard face.

"God knows they are not," was the reply.

"Well! it's no use crying for spilt milk, friend. I tell you, this is a rouser, is n't it? I shall be praying, myself, in less than ten minutes, if we do not get out of here!"

"I guess we had better stay then," said Mr. Livingstone, with a sad smile.

"That's good now, he! he!" (in a whisper); "but whatever else I am, I am no hypercrit, friend. When I repent, there will be a tall time,—and I mean to, sometime—but when I do, I shall be in earnest. There, now, do you hear that? it almost takes me off my feet! I shouldn't wonder if I *should* get religion, after all, by coming to New York—the last place! Only hear 'em!"

His companion could see that the excitement of the scene was beginning to tell upon him. He breathed hard, and doubled and undoubled his fists nervously. Once he uttered a faint "glory, allelujah," in response, starting, as if surprised at his own voice.

"That's a trying place for a sinner to get in," was his remark, as they came from the crowded meeting.

Secretly, silently, fervently did Mr. Livingstone pray that the heart of his companion might be melted within him; but whether his prayer was entirely unselfish remains to be seen.

"Your daughter is a beautiful girl," remarked Mr. Reynard, as they stood upon the steps of the bank, before entering.

Mr. Livingstone made no reply; but a sudden rush of blood to his brain almost blinded him.

"Magnificent! I thought of nothing else last night. You are a fortunate man, Mr. Livingstone."

"Do you think so?" and the banker turned upon him so suddenly, and with such a freezing air, that he scared the smile off that self-assured face.

"No offence, I hope, sir!"

"Let us go in and finish looking over the last account," was the abrupt reply.

That afternoon Mr. Reynard went home with Mr. Livingstone to dinner. The mother and daughter had been twice to church, since which they had dressed for the opera; they were going with Mr. Irving, who made one of the family party. Martha had beautiful clothing, and loved to wear it. This evening, as usual, she came to the table looking lovely. Her father saw it, but for once it did not make him happy; he saw another pair of eyes fixed often upon that unconscious, girlish beauty—the eyes of a pig, leaden and yet covetous. He grew silent and moody; while the more reserved he became, the more talkative and gay was his visitor.

Martha's beauty was characterized by fairness and serenity. She was rather stately in form and manners. Her hair was a light brown, of a flaxen tint, abundant and very long—a fit covering for her finely-shaped head. Her complexion was very fair, with a tint on cheeks and lips like that of the wild rose. Her features were delicate and in exquisite harmony, from the Dian-like brow to the rounded chin.

This evening she wore a dress of blue silk, with her pearls, and an opera-cloak of white plush, soft and downy.

"Now if you only had a soul, Martha," whispered her cousin Ralph.

"What do you mean?—to be impertinent?"

"Fashionable girls never have souls.

I can not tell the difference between them and those wax figures in crinoline and gauze that I see in the hair-dressers' and *modistes'* windows. They all have the latest style of dress and the same quiet stare; they all betray the same amount of sentiment and emotion. There is *one* difference, come to think, and that is in favor of the wax figures. *They* do not talk—which is a mercy! If they did, I know the subjects of conversation would be the same, for they all regard life from the same stand-point. If I were obliged to marry one or the other, I should prefer the mutes."

"So that you could have the last word, and do all the quarreling! But come, Sir Wiseacre, I shall not quarrel with you, for I want you as a gallant to the opera to-night. I should like one younger and handsomer, but must take such as is at my command."

"Don't be so cruel!"

"And mind; I do not intend to speak to you. I shall treat you precisely as I would a servant. I shall be as dumb as wax."

"Very well. If I do not hear all the bonnets in my immediate neighborhood criticised, all the complexions across the parquette, all the manners of all the young ladies with beaux, all the really fine parts of the music, before the evening is over, then I will offer myself to the first fair patrician I see!"

"And suffer the mortification of a refusal. Mamma, is it not time the carriage was at the door? Good-night, Mr. Reynard. Papa, good-by," and, with a kiss of her little gloved hand to the latter, she vanished like a sunbeam, and the rest of her party followed, leaving Mr. Livingstone and his friend still at their wine.

When the opera-goers returned, they found Mr. Livingstone up, pacing his study, with traces of agitation in his manner which he tried in vain to conceal. It was so evident that he did not wish to be intruded upon,

that Mr. Irving retired at once to his chamber.

His wife would have questioned him, but he motioned to her to be silent. Martha scarcely dared offer him her good-night kiss, and when she did, his eyes seemed to rest upon and cling to her with an abandonment of despair which she felt and yet could not realize.

"It is that ugly Mr. Reynard, I have no doubt!" she said to herself, as she undressed in her chamber. "He is bothering papa about something. Times are so hard, the papers say. I don't see as they are any harder than usual. I wonder what is the use of business men getting into such 'a crisis,' as they call it. What if my father should be in danger of failing! It would be rather provoking to have to come down and be snubbed by those envious girls I was talking with to-night. I have no doubt they would like the liberty of turning up their noses at me, and I could not help myself. Oh, dear! I do hope papa is all right. I shall try to make him tell me, and offer him back those pearls and all my jewelry, if they will help him any to squeeze through this frightful 'crisis' that is pinching everybody so," and she sighed as she dropped into sleep.

Poor girl! she thought the resignation of her pearls one of the great sacrifices of life! Let her slumber on, as happy as she is ignorant.

The next morning, Mr. Livingstone continued moody and reserved. His family felt uneasy, they could not tell why. Mr. Irving felt more so than the ladies; he was skilled in reading countenances, and he did not like what he saw. This uneasiness grew upon his part, when he found Mr. Reynard a guest that evening at dinner; and from that time forward, every day for a week. His presumptuous manner, vulgar familiarity, loud laughter, and coarse jokes made him almost intolerable; and yet his host was evidently in fear of him,

swallowed his rudest jests with an answering smile, and laughed and drank an unusual quantity of wine; while all the time his cheek was growing haggard and his eyes sunken with anxiety.

Ralph Irving saw much more in this than the wife or daughter; and was proportionately troubled. He had confidence in Mr. Livingstone and in the stability of the firm of which he was a partner, and he could see no reason for such evident excitement, unless it was about to suffer one of those sudden revulsions which had overtaken firms as good; and only a brief period before the arrival of Mr. Reynard, he had been assured that of this there was no danger. He remembered that Mr. Livingstone had speculated in city property in Chicago several years ago, and that his western partner in this scheme was a man by the name of Reynard. There was something wrong he was confident; and he felt exceedingly annoyed when he received a letter from a distance, calling him away—especially, as he had been tempted, two or three times, to kick Mr. Reynard for the looks he freely bestowed upon Martha. Martha, that spoiled and petted child, that vain young thing, who never thought of any thing but her dress and her music, and the fashions, and of going to Paris next winter—she was pure if she was silly, and he felt like knocking down the gross man who could turn such greedy eyes upon her.

Ralph was a kind of second father or elder brother—was he not eleven years older than she?—and took the liberty of finding fault with the willful beauty whenever he pleased. It pained him to see a mind of such fine capacities as hers wasted upon worse than trifles; and he often tried to school her to a deeper train of thought and higher life. But he might as well have put a butterfly down to studying Plato. As for her spiritual nature, it seemed utterly killed out by the education she had received. She was

accomplished—as aristocratic young ladies are accomplished—but a man of sense would have to turn himself into a fop before he could talk with her appropriately; and an earnest liver, a real worker, would have found nothing sympathetic in her little ornamental bits of sentiment. Occasionally, when, amid all the tinsel of her frippery, he marked some lonely blossom of real sensibility, he would say, “She is all right yet. A little of life’s discipline to rub off the false gloss which her mother has varnished her soul with.”

After receiving the letter which called him away by the next train, he went into her boudoir, where he heard Martha singing, to give her his farewell, and leave word of absence to be communicated to her mother, who was out, and would not be back until after the four o’clock prayer-meeting.

The young girl was down on the carpet, her guitar in her lap, and her music scattered around her, and was exerting all her powers to learn her canary to sing, who, perched in the sunshine of the bay-window, and surrounded by the flowers of a conservatory, never heeded that it was winter the other side of the glass.

“Silver-browed Diana, vail thine eyes and weep, for I am going far away—to be gone the thirteenth part of a year, perhaps,” he began, in one of those mock strains in which he sometimes addressed her.

“Then, if I be Dian, I shall change four times before I see you; so that if I weep now, what good of it? I shall laugh before you return. But, pshaw! you musty old Greek and Latin philosopho-poet, what do I care? Dick Doolittle is in town, and he never bothers my wits, nor finds fault with me. He sends me bouquets, and chats with me at the opera, and waltzes so beautifully, and never says any thing that I can not understand. I’ve another admirer, too, you must have observed. How the horrid old fox whom papa brings here

so much, does try to flatter me, doesn’t he?”

“I should think you would feel degraded by such flattery as his!” cried Ralph, his fine face lighted up with scorn. “For heaven’s sake, Martha, never let your vanity make you look with any complaisance upon such admiration as his!”

“Oh, I hate him, cousin! I am provoked at papa for having him here. But what takes you away so suddenly?—just before the holidays, too! We want you here New Year’s day. I expect to have a long list of admirers upon that day. Shall I put your name among them?”

“Not among your *admirers*, so long as you are so silly. When are you going to be a little more womanly, Martha?”

“Oh, when I marry some grave, sensible, retired minister, ‘whose sands of life are nearly run out,’ like my cousin here!”

She looked up at him saucily, while she beat a tattoo on her guitar with her little white hand; she did not expect to see him blush so deeply—she thought him proof against her railery—but, seeing it, her own color rose, and she looked down hastily, her fingers flurrying themselves among the strings, until one broke.

“If you go on in the manner in which you have begun, you will soon be breaking heart-strings as recklessly as you break guitar-strings,” said Ralph, recovering himself.

“I guess the strings of the one can be as easily replaced as the other,” lightly laughed the beautiful girl. “But I don’t mean yours, cousin, indeed I don’t,” she said, seriously, a moment after. “Your heart is too precious to be disposed of, and so you keep it where no one can even thrum on the chords. What makes you so different from other people, Ralph? was it because you once studied for the ministry?”

“Oh, you little goose,” he laughed, “you take pleasure in making yourself appear childish. Come, arise,

and sit by me a few minutes, and tell me if you are sorry that I am going away."

She sprang to her feet, and ran and sat by him on the little silken sofa of her boudoir. "Yes, indeed, Ralph, I am really vexed with you for going just at this time. I want you for a *cavalier servente* to the prayer-meetings, and all!"

"Hush! my dear—"

"Now *don't* preach! you *always* preach when you begin with 'my dear.' I was in earnest about the prayer-meetings."

"I am glad to hear it; and I hope you will go. I do not approve of revival excitements, as you heard me say; but I guess a few prayers will do you good; you need quieting down."

"If I am so bad, and in such a dangerous predicament, I should think you would pray for me. Many are offering prayers for their afflicted friends."

"I have prayed for you, every day since I first saw you." This was said so seriously, that the thoughtless girl sobered down a shade.

"What first induced you to study for the ministry, Ralph?"

"Why do you ask? you, who have such a horror of grave topics?"

"But I like what you say, always. Haven't I often stole away from company to hear you and some old foggy argue and discuss, just because I loved to hear *you* talk?"

"There, do not flatter me any more; I am not used to it, and it may upset me. You, now, could take any quantity. Let me look at my watch—I must say good-by within an hour. But as I feel sad—I hardly know why—and weighed down by some presentiment—just in the mood for prosing—I will tell you a few little things; and when you get tired of listening, you can put your hand over my mouth, and that will be sure to stop me. I have not always lived as much at my ease as now, Martha. I learned in childhood

that 'life is earnest, life is real;' for I was of a dreamy and poetic nature, and yet surrounded by cold and harsh realities—unloved—an orphan—poor. All my boyish life I struggled with stern necessity—cruel experience; wanted, at times, the crust of bread and cup of cold water; was often repulsed, wounded, mortified. I thirsted after sweet waters, and drank only the bitterness of bitterness. I hungered after holy bread, and scarcely was fed with the crumbs which fell from the tables of those who sat in coveted places. Once I thought it hard, but now I am grateful. You sleep upon a couch of roses, Martha; and you do not know that their fragrance wraps your better nature in the indolent sleep of the 'lotos-eaters.' Truly, 'the Father giveth good gifts to his children,' and I now thank him, even for my mortifications. The selfishness, the coldness of ease and luxury did not tempt my youthful soul to inglorious repose. I learned the joy and dignity of labor, the happiness of acquirement—and how to sympathize with the mass of humanity,—that

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to live, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

Through disappointment, I learned patience; through suffering, faith; through harsh treatment, to do good to those who despitefully used me; through my own troubles, I became intimately acquainted with the griefs of others, and able to pity them."

"But was it not hard to forgive your enemies, Ralph?"

"Yes, it was very hard at first; for I was haughty, and quick of speech and temper, naturally. It was not until after long toil, through valleys and up rough hills, that I at last stood upon an eminence from which I could take a wide view of humanity; and then, even as a brother forgives a fault in his mate whom he dearly loves, I could overlook even injuries, for I saw more into the springs of action and their final result."

"So you were poor, were you?"

"Yes, poor in purse, long enough to add to the riches of my spirit. I gained experience by that poverty which money could not buy from me now; and experience is 'the best of teachers.' One day, some good worldly fortune came to me, in the shape of a legacy from England; and as my health was failing from too much study, and as it was desirable that I should visit the country which had such an independence in store for me, I set off to claim my new inheritance. From England I went to the Continent, and lingered, as you know, refreshing my over-worked physical energies at the same time that I nourished my more vigorous mental powers with more luxurious aliment than they had been in the habit of tasting. They had grown up self-reliant and hardy upon the bread of endurance and the water of toil; and now I feasted them upon studies of beauty—the wine of esthetics, the honey of art."

"Please be a little less figurative, cousin Ralph."

"While climbing the mighty mountains of the Old World, and standing in its wondrous chambers of art, the dreams which had mocked my boyish heart returned, more beautiful than ever. Aspirations, half-fledged, soared away into the limitless heaven of heavens. There the ambition to be good and pure, and less a slave to the vexing forms and restraints of conventionalism—the adoration of the beautiful—seemed less a 'yearning after the unattainable.' There I was not ashamed that I loved beauty, that I loved truth, that I loved God. There I took heart to believe that it was not all in vain that unsatisfied souls struggle after the attainment of more than the hollow ceremonies of society promise—that they strive to elevate themselves to an inward standard of excellence. But why am I saying all this to you? you do not care, nor wish to understand. I will unpinion your wings, and let you flutter away to your canary there."

He released her hand as he spoke, looking down playfully into the face uplifted to his own. A bright flush dyed his listener's cheek, caught, like a reflection, from the glow which overspread his features; her beaming glance answered the flash, subtle and full of soul, of his dark eye—all the fire and earnestness of his character seemed awakened, in softer type, in her countenance.

"It is very true, Ralph, I do not think of these things; and I have not cared for them, because no one has taught me their worth. 'Milk for babes,' you know; I am a little girl, the daughter of fashion, and all I want is plenty of toys and bon-bons."

There was so much real animation and interest in her beautiful face, that the young man was going on to please himself still further by breathing out his heart in confidence to a lovely woman; but just then Martha's canary tangled his feet in some floss with which she had been embroidering, and she ran to his rescue and the salvation of her fancy-work, as if there were no more important business in the world. With a sigh, the young man saw the awakened expression die out of the bright, thoughtless face, and arose to depart, with a word he had nearly spoken, silent on his tongue.

"Good-by, little girl," he said; "may your silken threads of life never get tangled, especially by any yellow-vested canary. Give my regards to your parents; and please tell them where I am gone, and that they may expect another visitation from me at the end of a month, more or less. I take my welcome for granted. By the way, avoid that Mr. Reynard, Martha; he is a bad man."

"I know he is from the repugnance I feel to him. But he can not do me any harm. He only plagues my poor, dear papa. I can see that he is troubling him about something. Good-by, cousin; don't give yourself any uneasiness about me; Dick Doolittle will take care of me until you return."

"He is just the person I would recommend to you, mademoiselle; what admiration he has to spare from his own self and his clothes, will be sure to be more dutifully expended upon you and your prospective dowry."

"Oh, you envious fellow!"

"Fare you well, Martha."

"Good luck to you, Ralph!" and she took a little rose-colored satin slipper from her foot, and threw after him.

(To be continued)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

THERE is the homely story of the farmer's wife, who, when her husband settled in a new country, declared "that she did not wish to be rich—that all she asked was to be *comfortable*." Time passed on, and when the old farmer told the story of his spouse, he said, "I am now worth a hundred thousand dollars, and my wife is not *comfortable* yet!" A truer illustration of human nature was never found. Let a man begin life with ever so moderate an estimate of the amount of fortune with which he will be content, the passion "grows with what it feeds upon;" and just so surely as Success leads him to the point first contemplated, he will still cling to her hand, and compel her to lead him to further and further heights. Most men, except the few who begin life (very unfortunately) upon inherited wealth, start off with the wish to acquire a "competency." But that "competency" becomes a thing as uncertain as the possibility of the old lady's becoming "comfortable."

Men deem themselves perfectly justified in giving up, body and soul, the first few years of their business life to acquiring enough to warrant a living. "Prudence demands it," "emergencies must be provided against." All most true. A life of idleness and want is unjustifiable. The only difficulty is in the setting of a wise and sensible boundary to the desired living. The modest home that lay,

sunny and beautiful, bathed in the love-light of the eye of Youth, before his vision, grows apace into a palace; there are far-stretching lands about the palace, and costly decorations within. It lies even further away than the charming dwelling did, but it must be attained, for his neighbor, a little older than he, has already become the master of such an one. Ambition prompts him not to linger behind. It is true that his neighbor has other lines and wrinkles in his face than the kindly hand of well-treated Time would have placed there—tell-tale prints of anxious hours, of untiring hurry, of sharp speculation, perhaps of dishonorable thrift and unholy covetousness;—but his follower sees nothing of these; he sees only the marble and the gilding, the broad lands, and the smiles with which all the world greets the successful aspirant for its favor. If there is any thing dark in the history of the accumulation of that fortune, be sure the glitter of the gold plays before it, and nobody cares to drag it to the light!

"I will not do just as this man has done," says his follower; "I will not allow my affections to wither; I will keep a little time to myself for the culture of the beauties and amenities of life; I will not forget to be charitable; my generosity shall increase with my means; the richer I am, the more good I can do." So with self-deception he bends himself to the work; which grows upon him, and demands more and more of his energies, till mind and strength are given to its accomplishment, and all the nobler part of his nature lies decaying from disease. *This* is the great curse of the pursuit of wealth. It becomes so absorbing, so fascinating, that all other pursuits are swallowed up.

Look upon the faces of men of business who are so rapidly growing rich. What of God's glory, illuminating the image of man, lingers there unshadowed? Do those keen, inquisitive glances seem familiar with searching into the beautiful mysteries of life

and death, the present and the future? Do those brows wear the calm reflection of quiet hours spent in earnest uplifting to the broad heaven? or those mouths wear the seal of the sweetness impressed there by hearts full of love for their kind, and sympathy with the universe? Most persons will turn upon you with surprise, if not with a sneer, for asking the question: it is a kind of "nonsense" they cannot comprehend. They know of but one honorable, discreet, and sensible object in living; and that is to get *rich*—and not only rich, but *richer*. The sweets of nature, and the holier depths of the openings of the heart, are untasted by them:—purity, and the love of the beautiful, are stranger-guests in their hearts.

It may well be a reason why women are such housekeepers,—substituting ceremony, and cold, metallic glitter, for the simplicity and sunny warmth of the true Home. It may be that the earnest love, the out-gushing of fresh feeling, the innocent pleasure in music and flowers, and the blue sky and the green earth, which they would fain share with their husbands, are chilled, and die in the atmosphere of his vitiated passion. They learn to value what he values. If the husband gives up his soul to the acquirement of money, what better can the wife do than to spend it upon things that remind people of money? If she is deprived of his society, which he gives to his ledger and his plans, how can she better amuse herself than by making a grand display of what takes so much that is due to her to acquire? If the pretty ornaments her own taste furnishes, and the air of peace she diffuses over her house, do not satisfy her husband, there are plenty of elements in the feminine character which will urge her on to a more extravagant taste. Her fancy, her desire to please, her personal love of adornments, and many other qualities which would be harmless, or even charming, under the sway of a loving, but less impressible nature, may all

be made the instruments toward effecting a heartless passion for display.

A man usually wants an excuse for devoting himself so exclusively to the acquisition of fortune. A very common plea is, that he is working for the welfare of his children—he wishes to leave them a competency. And the mother is so foolishly fond, so weakly inconsiderate, that she joins in the plea and gives encouragement to the plan. A fatal folly! by which the children, so tenderly cared for, suffer the most severely. Says a writer: "There is an inconceivable depth of weakness, meanness, and wickedness in the conduct of the father, who, for a little career of pitiable vanity, robs his offspring of all that is truly valuable in life, and leaves them a useless waste of drawing-rooms and parlors—knowing that his death will be the signal for their expulsion." This language is not too severe. And even when there is enough left for all the children to support the luxury in which they have been reared, the case is no whit better; for sloth, and selfish ease, soft indulgence, and the pride of the purse, form a hot-bed in which real strength and goodness seldom grow.

We believe there is something more ennobling in life than the mere accumulation of money. Milton has represented Mammon,

"With downcast looks bent on the earth,"

as among the most degraded of the fallen angels. The history of nations has always been, that when they increased vastly in wealth, and gave themselves up to luxurious splendors, then they fell. Our hope for America is, there being no system of primogeniture here, there is not so much *danger* in building up immense fortunes. In the course of a few years they must be scattered again. So the burden of the riches will be continually shifted, and no families have a chance to become thoroughly corrupt and enervated.

But we wish that we could see less

of the grand passion: that we could see our fellow-creatures living to die well, instead of to die rich. Some plead that war is a necessity; some plead that it is better for the world generally that vast riches should be acquired by the few; else the fine arts, the master-works of genius, the productions of very elegant and costly fabrics, etc., could not be patronized. We must believe a time will come when war will *not* be a necessity; but we hope the time is already come when it is not at all necessary to rob the many in order to aggrandize the few. All of the objects which *true* men have at heart for the welfare of society, will advance more surely and rapidly if the eager pursuit of inordinate gain is allowed to usurp less of the brain, less of the heart, less of the soul; and happiness, purity, beauty will enter every household when *Home* is the talisman instead of Wealth.

OUR CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

BY A BRITISH MOTHER.

I HAVE heard mothers express doubts with regard to the propriety of teaching their young children to repeat a form of prayer. Some said they should not be taught to pray until they can understand and use their own language; that the duty of prayer should be inculcated, and they left to do it voluntarily, and in their own words. But I have thought and practised otherwise. I have taught my children to say, "Now I lay me," etc., as soon as they could lisp it, and the Lord's Prayer as soon as they could speak intelligibly; and as soon as they are old enough, I encourage them to add a prayer in their own language.

To me, this habit of prayer seems invaluable. True, they may not always understand or think what they are repeating; yet I am inclined to the idea that they think of it oftener than we imagine. Often, when I have

thought that my children were saying their prayers carelessly, they have surprised me, by asking the meaning of some petition.

A circumstance recently occurred in my family, which has led me to think more than usual on the subject. My little boy, who is in his fifth year, was dangerously ill. Though affectionate in his disposition, he is naturally impetuous, and has caused me considerable anxiety in his training. His disease produced slight congestion of the brain, which caused him to lie in a torpor, as if asleep, a large part of the time. He had been consecrated to God, and instructed in the nature of his duties to God and his fellow-creatures. His understanding being good, I felt that his accountability, as a moral being, might have already commenced. I knew not how to part with my dear child, without something upon which to rest my faith that God had accepted my consecration, and taken him to Himself. I prayed earnestly; for his life? no; I could not offer one petition for this, for I had given up the temporal interests and lives of my children unreservedly into His hands, and I could submissively say, "Thy will be done;"—but I prayed most earnestly that He would give me some token on which I might rest my hope of his being redeemed by the blood of Christ.

One Sabbath afternoon I left him asleep, as I thought, to take tea in an adjoining room. Hearing him speak, I immediately went in to attend him. He lay with his eyes closed, repeating the Lord's Prayer, after which he said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., as he usually does when he goes to sleep for the night. I thought he might be asleep, and said to him, "Henry, are you saying your prayers?"

He said, "Yes, mother."

I asked him again, "Did you think it was night?"

He said, "Yes; and now I will go to sleep. God will keep me; won't He, mother?"

I told him, "Yes, if you commit yourself to His care."

Then he turned his head over a little, and seemed to sink into a quiet and peaceful sleep, while I sat down by his side, and wept tears of joy, although I then thought that perhaps God was intending to remove my dear child, and, in answer to my prayer, had given me this token. And had he that night slept the sleep of death, I should think that his last prayer—

"If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake,"—

had been heard and answered. It seemed to me an infinite reward for all my labors to teach my child to pray. God taught me, also, during the sickness of my dear boy, that religious instruction is not forgotten. Very often, when we thought him asleep, he would break out, and speak of things that had been taught in his Sabbath school lessons. But God dealt very, very kindly with me. He gave me this encouragement to persevere in training my children for Him; and having taught me this lesson, He gave me the life of my child. The Lord grant that his life may have been spared to love and serve Him on the earth, and that he may be a co-worker with Him in the conversion of the world. Christian parent, who can tell the influences this habit of prayer may have upon your child, when he shall have gone from under your immediate supervision and instruction?

Perhaps, in the turmoil and bustle of life's day, he may have forgotten his God, and sought only the honor, fame, and riches of this world; but when night's curtain closes around him, and he seeks his bed to rest his weary body and spirit, this early habit will throw its influences around him. He hears, as it were, his mother's subdued voice, as she taught him to say, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." Perhaps he may have sunk still lower, and have been tempted to partake in

scenes of wickedness and crime; but when away from these scenes, he will retire and remember that his mother taught him to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and who can say, even in this dark hour, if these influences may not be his salvation?

Perhaps your child, after he may have become a disciple, will be tempted to wander into by and forbidden paths; yet, as often as night returns, he can not break away from this early habit. And who can tell if God will not use the influence of this habit to secure him from being drawn away by the world, and to preserve him in a constant "walk with God?"

An instance of the value of this habit occurs to me. A man was converted when between forty and fifty years of age. In relating his religious experience, he says: "I had a pious mother. When I was a child, she taught me always to say the Lord's Prayer at night, and such was the power of this habit, that I do not think I have ever retired at night without repeating it to this time. It was the influence of this habit that led me to feel the necessity of prayer, and under the influences of the Holy Spirit, resulted in my conversion, and brought me to pray in sincerity, that the God of my mother, who had long before entered her rest, would save me from my sin. I trust He has heard my prayer, and I feel that I shall bless Him throughout eternity that He gave me a mother who taught me to pray, 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

THE WISH.

GRANT me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care,
Be the one to me assign'd—
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart.



ONE OF LIFE'S HISTORIES.

BY MRS. ROSE KENNEDY.

WHAT a fearful night! How the wind rushed down the bare streets and long, dark alleys! How it shook the creaking signs, and wrestled with the barred shutters! How it assaulted closed doors and bare windows; and, gaining entrance, how it mocked at the frail forms bending over dying fires, or shivering upon pallets of straw in the dark corners! Oh, it was enough to make firm hearts quail to hear its voice as it rushed over the stones, and round the corners into the darkness beyond. It was enough to make the rich and warm-clad draw near to bright fires in silence; and enough, O merciful God! to chill the hearts of the poor in their prayer for mercy, and to close their pale lips in death.

A father was watching his boy. The fire in the grate burned cheerfully; the blinds were drawn, and the storm swept unheeded by. The watcher and sleeper were both buried in dreams; the one thought of a dark care that had stood at his side for

years—the other held converse with his guardian angel, for a smile sat upon his lips, and he murmured sweet words that awoke the parent from his reverie; and reaching up his arms to clasp the spirit of his dreams, the child was pressed to his father's breast.

Thus the father stood with his boy upon his breast, when a voice, as of distress, stole to the room:

"Oh, pity, good man—pity my mother! pity me—so cold! so cold!"

The startled parent gazed upon his boy to be assured it was not his cry; and laying him down, went out into the storm. Soon he returned, bearing a child in his arms—a fair, frail girl, stiff with cold, and covered with snow. Her dress was very thin, and her limbs entirely bare, except the wrappings of rags around her little feet. The snow cementing her glossy hair, had frozen upon her neck, chilling the warm blood, and leaving her as pale and still as marble. All this the sick boy beheld from his warm bed, and he wildly wept at such suffering.

"Oh, call Paul, father, and get some of my warm clothes, and some wine and food; quick, father, quick!"

The father soothed his boy, and laying the senseless child before the fire, chafed her little limbs into warmth. Presently the lips moved and the eyes opened; he tenderly bade her lie still, and when Paul came, they soon warmed her into full life. Then it was pitiful to witness her grief, and hear her cry for "Mother!"—the strong men were moved to tears. Paul was ordered to provide wines and woolens, and to prepare to go in quest of the mother. The lovely child was placed beside the invalid in his warm bed, when she soon became calm, and then drowsy, and before she could say where her mother lived, was fast asleep in the boy's arms. Folding her to his breast as he nestled down in the bed, he again closed his eyes, and muttering soft words, was once more in the land of dreams.

With what strange feeling did the father look upon all this! For years he had known but one bitter sorrow, and one affection amounting to idolatry. His sorrow was grief for his gentle wife, who died when she gave life to little Walter; and grief for the desertion of his sister Alice with one against whom he had pronounced a bitter curse—who was altogether unworthy so noble a woman. His affection was for his boy—his last tie upon earth—and to him he gave up his whole soul. For others he had no thought, no feeling; and to the world was a cold-hearted man. Seven long years, and his sorrow had been overshadowed by his parental love; seven long years, and he had watched for the full-blown rose from the sickly bud; what wonder his sorrow turned to madness when he beheld his flower daily drooping and fading! Grief was doing its work in his heart; if his boy died, he would curse his God, and die too! But that fearful hour had not yet come; and now, as he beheld the two children lying asleep, arm in arm, his breast seemed to

open, and another image to steal into his heart beside that of his boy; he loved the stranger child, and the dark seal was broken! Surely an angel had come!

The faithful Paul realized the struggle in his master's breast, and his heart thrilled for very joy, to think that the power of the evil one was gone—that the founts of sympathy and love, so long sealed, were again opened, and ready to burst forth with new strength from their long confinement. He knew and felt all this as he saw his master kiss the little child, and heard him send up a prayer to high Heaven for the poor mother. It was enough, and he wept tears of joy.

In a few moments the two were on their errand of mercy. An alley ran back from the street through the center of the great block, and hither they bent their steps. Paul, with a lantern, led the way, and on they hurried over broken paves and snow-drifts, until they reached the heart of the square, and stood in the midst of a low range of buildings that betokened the extreme poverty of the place. Doors were chinked with blankets; windows were stuffed with old clothes, or entirely boarded up; the little fences in front were spoiled of palings, leaving the bare posts alone to mark the desolation; all showed to the father scenes of wretchedness within a stone's throw of his own door; which he had entirely forgotten in the years of his selfish sorrow, and he shuddered at his crime. To the guide, this was not new; daily he had trod the dark alley, and its inmates knew him as the angel of mercy. Was it strange, then, that he should lead the way to a little door set deeper in from the walk than those around? Ah! if the cold stones could speak, they might say how often Paul had passed the sill with a large basket upon his arm, filled with food, and warm coverings, and many little delicacies; how a little child, beautiful as light, had always a kiss for him, and a pale, feeble woman

had always thanks and tears when he approached her bed.

The door stood ajar, and the print of a man's foot was in the snow upon the sill. Suspicion flashed across Paul's mind that some one had entered there and robbed the helpless woman, and this was why the child had flown into the storm; the mother must be freezing! He hastened to the bed, and it was as he feared: the warm blankets were gone, the coals were gone, and the sick woman was perishing with cold. Paul gently touched her forehead; it was cold. He placed his hand over her heart, and breathed, "Thank God!" for some warmth was still there.

Soon the two were using the woollens, and in a few moments a low moan told them that life was not yet fled. A little wine was then pressed into the sufferer's lips, and Paul heard his name breathed in return. He murmured something in her ear, and continued chafing her temples and breast. Ere long consciousness was quite restored, and the mother asked for her child; how sweetly she smiled when she knew it was in a warm bed! A prayer lay upon her lips; the father was startled, for it breathed his name. He bent down to hear more—closer and nearer, until Paul threw back the long, dark hair, and by the dim lamp-light the startled man beheld the face of—*his sister!*

Paul said something about fire, and slipped silently out of the door. Let us, too, withdraw, for such penitence and anguish is alone for God to witness.

* * * * *

It was night again, but not cold nor dark, for it was summer. The fire did not burn in the grate, for the air was soft and warm. Little Walter's bed was drawn close to the open window, that he might gaze upon the sky and talk of heaven. The father was at his side, and now, for the first time, really felt the bitterness of parting. But Alice was there, to weep with him, and the faithful Paul, and at the dying boy's feet sat the angel

of his dreams—the little Mary—she who had come to soothe and comfort the desolate father, when little Walter should be carried to sleep with the flowers. That hour was nigh; the sufferer was on the stream, and the tide was flowing. He knew it, and smiled as he said, "I am going, father, but oh, 'tis so sweet to die in the night! The stars are looking upon me, and beckon me to come, and the wind sings so softly, I long to be with it. Do not mourn for me; little Mary shall be your child, and I your angel." He closed his eyes, as if in a sweet dream, and they thought him asleep. But his lips moved again, and suddenly raising upon one arm, exclaimed, "Hark! father, did you hear it—that music? Oh, so sweet, but so far off; could it be the wind? There! don't you hear it—nearer—nearer? Listen! it is like the song little Mary sings, only soft like the murmur of the fountain. And, see, it is coming—the music! I see it—see the music! Oh, father—Ma—!"

Little Mary had crept to his side, and laid her head upon his breast; as the last word died, half uttered, upon his lips, his arm fell across her neck, and, sinking back upon the pillow, his spirit had fled.

Long the child gazed upon the face of the dead, as if in communion with the freed spirit; then pressing her lips to the cold forehead, she murmured, "Gone to heaven! Good-by, Walter—I will be his child!" And rising, she threw her arms around the desolate father's neck, and said, "God gave, and God took Walter away; let me be your child!"

He pressed her to his breast, and felt that he was not alone—that an angel was still in his heart.

Life hath lessons whose moral only time, and change, and circumstance may fathom. It is dearly learned if under the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death, but oh! how much better to be learned there than never to be known.

THE HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

BY JOHN K. FRANCIS, M. D.

IT is estimated that three hundred thousand children perish each year in the United States. The record shows the long list of diseases to include croup, fevers, colds, the various contagions of measles, mumps, etc., dysentery in all its forms, etc., etc. But it is certain that this record does not tell the whole tale. If we could go into the nursery, and see the life there—into the dining-room, and see the system of diet pursued there—into the dress-closet, and see the character of the garments worn—into the school-room, and see the course of training, mental and physical, pursued there, we should learn more of the original cause of the diseases named in the long category. Colds and fevers do carry off thousands; but what induced the cold, the fever, the loss of appetite, and general decay? We have no hesitancy in saying, after years of experience, that three fourths of the deaths among children are to be charged to these causes, singly or together, viz: 1st, To improper food; 2d, To improper clothing; 3d, To improper mental and physical training; 4th, To ignorance on the part of parents of the physiology of the system and of the proper treatment of simple affections.

To each of these evils we should devote a paper—indeed, a little volume would scarce suffice to tell the story; but we must advert to them generally, leaving each to pursue the train of thought, to investigate for him or herself.

Food, to a child, is a matter of first and primary importance. Nature, in its wonderful provision for the good of all things, provides, in the mother's breast, the sweet fountain from which the babe shall draw its nourishment. In the various stages of the babe's development, this natural fountain changes the character of its food imperceptibly, *anticipating* the change and providing for it. By and by comes the health

and vigor of the eight and ten months of being, when other food than what the mother can furnish is required. Then commences the war which the child's stomach must wage against the unholy offerings of the spoon. Comparatively ignorant of the *nature* of the various articles of milk, farina, starch, cracker, spirits, meal, etc., which comprise the infant's usual bill of fare, the simple idea prevails that it is only necessary for the child's stomach to be full; and the *stuffing* process is followed up to a degree which induces colics, spasms, fevers, indigestion. Then commences the "doctoring;" cordials, paregoric, teas, and every nauseous and noxious compound ever invented for the misery of the frail system, are introduced into the now "sick-room;" and the tale is soon told—one child out of every three dies under the "treatment." All this necessity for medicine would have been averted, had the child had proper care bestowed upon it—had the mother (or the now almost universal "nurse") not been ignorant of the very first principles of physiology and the laws of life.

But it is now *fashionable* for mothers no longer to nurse their offspring; and, as far as *their* breasts are concerned, nature might, just as well as not, have left them off—they are not made to subserve the sole object of their special arrangement: the grosser breasts of the hired nurse, or, more frequently, the Yankee "babe bottles," are substituted for the mother's God-given nursery; and from the day of its birth, the child commences its struggle for life. It grows into months, pale, puny, and fretful; it gradually droops, sickens, and dies; and the mother complains, in her anguish, that her little one has been taken from her. Taken from her! No, it is taken from an artificial mother—*she* never knew it; and Heaven did a kind thing in removing it from its daily suffering.

That this yearly loss of several hundred thousand infants is due to

curable causes, we believe no intelligent observer, no physician will deny. An eminent authority wrote:

"God has made human beings aright. He has made the world aright; they are adapted to each other; and there is no reason under the broad heaven why a perfect development should not be universal, and health and strength reign triumphant in the human family. I said there is no reason; yea, there are many reasons; for man has sought out many inventions and indulged in innumerable transgressions against the laws of his own being. The annual destruction by disease of an innumerable company of his progeny at a tender age is one of the results."

It would be foreign to our paper to enter into a discussion of the cures suggested for these evils. It is enough in this case to point out the evil, and to leave to the intelligence of each mother, upon whom the responsibility rests, the proper correction. Common-sense is a good article for use in every case, and none require it more frequently than the mother. In the first place, use Nature for the infallible guide; if she has provided a rich breast of milk, common-sense would dictate its use for the exact purpose for which it was provided—only a want of common-sense, or a downright purpose to injure or kill the child, can account for the innumerable resorts to artificial food. When, in the due course of months, it becomes necessary to give the babe heartier food, use extreme caution; let the food be assimilations to milk—simple, pure, and moderately given. Under all circumstances, let the clothing be warm, loose, and smoothly disposed; let the exercise be gentle during waking moments; let the sleep be undisturbed. With these common-sense precautions, it is not two chances to one against the child's living, but the reverse; two chances to one that it will become a fine, fat creature, and well prepared to pass through the trying time of

teething. If ignorance exists upon many points of diet, or upon treatment in cases of ordinary ailment, consult some good, sensible mother of a large family, rather than the physician: who should be called in only when serious disease threatens, which is more rarely than the anxious mother is disposed to regard as possible.

Improper clothing is the cause of many deaths to old and young. Fashion is a vice of hideous mein when it invades the nursery, and orders garments and material which outrage all the proprieties of nature, and fairly challenge death. The system pursued of short-clothes dressing is a vicious one. At less than two years of age, the short dress-suit is adopted. The warm flannel gives way for the cotton drawers, and silk or muslin takes the place of the woolen blanket. Cotton stockings and thin shoes are the only covering for the legs and feet. Thus, half-dressed, the little one is started in the world, and has to fight not only the ordinary enemies of its health in the way of teeth cutting and acclimatization, but is forced to follow up its unnecessary exposure by extraordinary draughts upon its vitality and physical energy. Strong, hardy children may bear up, and finally become so hardened as to pass to the older estate in robust health, but the number of those who fall into the arms of disease, directly traceable to such exposure, is almost incalculable. Colds, coughs, consumptions are the fruits sure to come to weaker systems; fevers, inflammations, stunted growth result to the hardier; comparatively few escape with never having a sick day other than such as are incident to the apparently necessary measles, scarlet fever, etc.

We declare utter hostility against thin dresses, short dresses, tight dresses—to cotton underclothing, cotton stockings, except in the warmest and driest weather—to thin shoes, bare necks, exposed arms, and half bonnets. All are vicious innovations,

outraging common-sense and the laws of health, are unnecessary to good looks, and bring in their train a host of evils which reach through the whole after life of the individual. Substitute *Fashion* for "Vice," in the well-known line

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mein,"

and we have the characterization for what is too generally regarded as a mere folly rather than what it *really is*.

Although not entirely endorsing the sentiments of over-feeding embraced in the following quotation from *Household Words*, yet its strictures and hints bear so directly upon this question of clothing, that we give it:

"The terrible mortality caused by bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption, which together kill, in England and Wales only, a hundred thousand people every year (being one fourth of the entire mortality from more than a hundred other causes in addition to themselves), should make us think a little seriously of many things, and not least seriously of the freaks of fashion which set climate at defiance. Why do we send children abroad in damp and cold weather with their legs bare, submitted, tender as their bodies are, to risks that even strong adults could not brave with impunity? Custom has made this matter appear familiar and trifling, but it is not out of place to say, at the beginning of another winter, that the denial to young children of proper skirts to their clothes, and warm coverings to their legs, has sown the seeds of consumption in thousands and thousands, and is, of many dangerous things done in obedience to laws of fashion, the one that is most thoughtless and most cruel. It is in the child that consumption can most readily be planted—in the child, that when the tendency exists, it can be conquered, if at all. It is to be fought against by protecting the body with sufficient clothing against chill and damp, by securing it plenty of wholesome sleep—not suffocative sleep among feathers and curtains, plenty

of free ablution without prejudices on behalf of water icy cold, plenty of cheerful exercise short of fatigue, plenty of meat, and bread, and wholesome pudding. These, indeed, are the things wanted by all children. Many a child pines in health upon a diet stinted with the best intentions. But the truth is, that it is not possible to over-feed a child with simple, wholesome eatables. It can be stimulated to excess in the demolishing of sickly dainties, and, with a stomach once fairly depraved, may be made incompetent to say when it has had too little or too much. But a child fed only upon wholesome things, knows better than any mamma can tell when it wants more; it can eat a great deal; has not only to maintain life, but to add height and breadth to stature. Fortify it, then, against variations of climate, by meeting freely the demands of its body; give it full animal vigor to resist unwholesome impressions. Especially let the good housewife, who has a young family to feed, learn to be utterly reckless as to the extent of her milk score. Somebody has declared a pint of milk to contain as much nourishment as half a pound of meat. Be that as it may, it is the right food for little ones to thrive upon, and may save much subsequent expenditure for cod-liver oil."

We must defer to another paper what we would say in regard to improper mental and physical training. We have much earnest talk upon that subject. We may close this paper in the words of Dr. Vail:

"I have been asked if the transgression of our first parents did not bring disease and death into the world, and all the train of physical ills which flesh is heir to, and make it inevitable that a great multitude of children should perish in early life. I answer, no; that disease and death have no necessary relation whatever, death pertaining unto all men under all circumstances, while all men, even in this degenerate age, are not subject

to sickness, and can not be said, by any means, even to die of sickness. Death pertains to all created organized beings, whether animals or vegetables, by virtue of certain inevitable limitations of their natures, while disease may or may not pertain to either.

"Man has lived erroneously through centuries past, and indulged in countless transgressions of the physiological laws. This has produced disease in his own person and entailed disease upon his offspring. Man is everywhere living erroneously at the present day, and causing his children to transgress the laws of their being in numerous ways; and in these facts, and in these alone do we find this solution of the problem, why do so many children die? In these facts, too, may we find a clue to a certain remedy for the saving of several hundred thousand children annually in our land."

THE SUNBEAM IN THE COTTAGE.

BY MISS MARY RICHARDSON.

Oh! the long, the cold, cold winter,
With its glistening mantle white
Spreads o'er all the vales and hill-tops,
Shimmering in the silvery light.

Then the old oaks, cased in armor,
Toss aloft their glittering spears,
Shake their arms in wild defiance
When the dark storm-king appears.

Oft he comes, that fearless ice-king,
Whistling madly at the door,
Bearded with the cold icicle—
In his train the north winds roar.

And the frantic little snow-flakes
Dancing wildly here and there,
Wreath the quaking shrubs and branches
With fantastic garlands fair.

All the while the fire is burning
In the cottage, clear and bright,
And a little stranger sunbeam
Fills the house with love and light.

Yes, a sunbeam is the infant
Sleeping on its mother's breast,
Like a dew-drop, 'mid the petals
Of a floweret gone to rest.

ART HAPPY?

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

LADY, thou'rt clad in velvets,
And jewels bedeck thy brow;
Thine arms are bound with diamonds
White as the crystal snow;
Thy carriage is soft and luxurious,
Thy horses the purest blood,
And homage from hearts that are loyal,
Is thine in a generous flood.

Lady, art happy? Pray tell me;
There's care in thy brilliant eye—
Thy smile only plays on the surface
As lightning leaps over the sky;
The blush on thy cheek is not nature,
The tone of thy voice is constrain'd,
And the curve of thy beautiful red lips,
A shadow of grieving has gain'd.

Go on, lift thy head in thy beauty,
And toss up thy ringlets of jet—
There's a depth unfill'd in thy bosom,
A grief thou can'st never forget!
I pity thee, daughter of splendor,
With all thy jewels and gems!
I value my heart of contentment
More worth than the crown diadems!

OUR FANNY.

BY ELLEN MORE.

Poor Fanny! lily leaves are fair,
And she, than lily, fairer,
Would twine one in her lustrous hair
To show her conquest rarer.

Self-conquest is no elfin-gift
Found in a midnight airing,—
Yet Fanny airy notes could lift
For one not more despairing.

And so it seem'd a cruel wave
That bore our Fanny from us,
To lay her in an ocean grave—
And grief was sore upon us.

But soon did coral-builders rise,
And weave a cradle-basket,
To hide the dark mold from our eyes,
As fell the tissue casket!

A little hour we wept our loss,
When the Death-angel kissed her;
But now how radiant is the gloss
That wings our seraph-sister!

We drop no tear upon the wave
That hearsed her on its bosom,
For now we see the treacherous grave
Is spray'd—a skyey blossom!

We see her image in the west
'Mid sunset clouds so glorious;
We fain would share the sapphire rest
In that dear realm, victorious.

THE TWO HOMES.

BY MAURICE DELANCEY.

"WELL, Deb, I've made a good speculation to-day!"

The speaker was a man of perhaps thirty-five years, with a sun-burned face and broad shoulders; and the person addressed, a slim, pale-faced lady, whose name had once been longer, was his wife.

"What is it, Sydney?"

"Well, I've bought that twenty-acre lot of Ed. Branch, that I've wanted so long, and he's a fool for selling it, if I do say it."

"I thought you said yesterday that you had more now than you could see to; and that Ed., as you call him had things pretty snug."

"Yes, I did say something like that; but you see, I was kind o' tired then, and had the blues; but 'Dick is himself again,' as that old fellow says, and I'll buy Branch and his stuck-up wife all out in ten years. I tell you it takes the acres to make the money."

When Sydney Stone and Edward Branch were twenty-five years of age (for Stone was but a few months the elder), they were rivals for the hand of the present Mrs. Branch, and his own rejection had caused in the heart of Stone a bitterness not entirely forgotten in ten long years, as the epithet "stuck up," which he gave her, proved. Hardly to his own mind, certainly to none other, would Sydney Stone have acknowledged what the constant aim and endeavor of those ten years had been; and yet, there were some that knew: namely, to show Mrs. Branch that he was *somebody*; and his idea of somebody was—money. When he won and married the active Deborah Powers within four months after that rejection, did he do it for love? Nay, but he wanted a *smart* wife, and she had the reputation of being "smart." When, a year after, he bought the farm joining that of Edward Branch, did he buy it because it suited him? No! but it was near *her*—he would

get rich there, and buy her husband out; and now, that eight years or more they have dwelt as neighbors side by side, let us look *into* and *at* their respective homes, and judge as to the choice of "Ella Bolton," alias Branch.

The home of the Branches is not a large house, or a splendid house; indeed, to describe it in my own terms, I should prefix no adjective, but simply call it "a beauty." Not that the architect had displayed wondrous skill in its construction, for it discloses no marbled pillars or deep porticos, but that all without and within proclaim, in unmistakable terms, that hearts, and heads, and hands have, alike, labored for its adornment.

Pass by, when the traveler will, even in the bleak, stern winter, still he will read happiness in the visions which meet his eye. He will see a well-swept walk leading through the white snow from the little trusty gate, which, the whole year round, swings to with such a merry clang (for, remember reader, there are pretty shrubs and vines within that neat yard, which stray cattle must never put lip to), to the nicely-grained stoop where the polished steel scraper and snowy sheep-skin mat speak of order within.

We will premise that it is night, and that, while you stand a moment waiting for that ivory white knob to turn and admit you, your eyes and ears are open. The curtains are drawn, but they are not curtains which fear or gloom has drawn, for there is a little space between them through which the pleasant gas-light throws a ray at your feet, and shows their color to be a cheerful red. There are voices within—two, three, but not in angry debate; they are chanting the words of praise, and the smooth notes of a melodeon add to the harmony. I need not paint the scene within: you have read of, mayhap have seen, such a fireside as love and truth combined can make; but come again when the summer

days are longest, and see what nature and art together can do!

Nature threw up a slender vine from a tiny seed; Art planted its root in the mellowed soil by the house corner, and trained its reaching branches higher and wider, until all along that pleasant porch it spread, green and beautiful, with the clustering grapes hanging ripening amid its leaves. What, though a few ambitious shoots creep high along the wall, and leave a darker stain upon the white paint than is wont to rest there? When the vine has been taken down to receive its winter covering, the stains can be removed by a stroke of the brush, while the interest attendant upon the budding, fruitful vine will last with memory. There is another vine winding along the strings by the side of, and above the pantry window. Not fruit for the taste does it bear, but glories for the sight—"morning-glories." It may be that "Edward" prizes the fruited vine the most, but "Ella" loves flowers; she planted and watered this vine; and as he, the fond husband, watches her kindling eye and cheek while admiring its many hues, he loves it for her sake. Then the graveled walk, which in winter seemed but for use! Now, how its sides are lined with flowers in all stages of bud, blossom, and decay! On either side, a little removed, stand vines and shrubs of the smaller fruits, berries and currants. A little further still, a row of dwarfed trees—dwarfed in name and body, but not in fruit, for pears or apples nicer where will you find? Scarcely on the larger trees still back of all, whose branches, too, are bending. Surely it seems as if an English gardener might have employed all his time here, and yet it has all been done by those "who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." And even this is not all; for there is a kitchen garden, whose thrifty appearance wins encomiums from many a passer; where never a weed lives to manhood, or a plant dies for want of

care. And these are the surroundings to the home of him whom the grasping Sydney Stone called "a fool." It may be, that if he could have stood unseen in the pleasant sitting-room of the seller for a single half hour of the evening when he uttered the words, his eyes might have been partially opened; but he was not there. He sat in his large, ill-furnished apartment, meditating on the fact that his acres now numbered three to one of his rival's; while that rival, with slippered feet upon the grate, and a hand rocking his wife's chair, talked pleasantly of the better care he could give his remaining acres, of the increased means to devote to improvements, and, above both, the increased hours he could devote to his home and family, and the mind's culture; while the little busy lady whom he rocked, "worked, listened, and approved."

Let us take a look now at the home of the Stones. A large, two-story house, which once might have been white, with blinds which might have been green; but the paint has been washed away, and not replenished, for the owner expects to build when he has got all the land he wants, and his wife says that will be—never.

There are few trees around, save the unpruned orchard: "there is no room or time for fussing," as Mr. Stone calls it, "around *his* establishment." And truly, there is no room; for what with the house, and large barns, and pig house and yard, and milk-yard, and two or three corn-cribs, and as many piles of lumber, etc., there would hardly be room to set a tree—certainly nowhere that it could be undisturbed. Are there flowers? Yes, there is a long row of milk-pans drying in the sun, which Mr. Stone says, "are the posies for him;" but his more appreciative wife looks in vain for the kinds she loved in her girlhood.

It may be that the last picture we have drawn, will appear to the eye of some the more attractive of the

two. That the large barn with its long row of well-filled cattle-stalls will seem of more value than flower, and tree, and vine; but, reader (although we prefer the latter), remember that we are seeking not for outward beauty alone, but for harmony, congeniality, and appreciation in the daily life; and, surely, one day spent with the family of the Branches, or even one look at their contented faces, as compared with the worn and prematurely old ones of their neighbors, would show in which home these were to be found.

I care not if the house be of three stories, and the milch kine three score; if books, and papers, and pictures, and pens are not esteemed inmates, and trees, and shrubs, and vines are left uncultivated, then so surely there will be unhappy hours in the family sometimes, for these are wants of our being.

And thus they live. The family at the cottage "living the present all the while,"—contented with their lot, and each day binding their hearts together by multiplying the attractions around their home; not in the spirit of pride, but with grateful hearts to Him who has given so many blessings for the use and enjoyment of those who can appreciate them. Their neighbor of the broad acres still toiling on in the hope (never to be fulfilled) of some day causing them to fall beneath him: a hope or wish which one hour's calm thought should teach him to be as unworthy as vain.

MARIAN'S GRIEF.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

He said, when summer winds blew soft
Across a peaceful sea,
They'd fill the white sails up aloft,
And bring him back to me;
But all the summer suns have waned,
And summer winds have blown,
Since giving pity for my pain
He left me all alone.

He said, when autumn, calm and slow,
Came through the field of grain,
The burden of a life-long vow
Should on our lips be lain;

But all the golden sheaves are piled
To gables gray and dim,
And through the church's solemn aisle
Hath peal'd no bridal hymn.

I sit, instead, upon the shore,
Where waves throw snowy foam,
And watch in silence, evermore,
The way that he has gone;
But never, o'er the "dull, deaf sea,"
Is sound or whisper borne,
To tell of coming light for me,
Or merge my night in morn.

My heart builds up such dreary fears,
Such fancies wild and dread,
That all my burning, bitter tears
Seem falling for the dead.
And *oh, to know!* goes up on high
In words of broken prayer;
The burden of suspense, I cry,
Is heavier than despair.

* * * * *

Thus sang she, wrapp'd in saddest gloom,
Of days grown dark through pain;
And legends tell how swift and soon
Her prayer's sad answer came:
How in a night of wind and storm
A ship came home from sea,
Over whose side a breathless form
Had dropp'd and gone a-lee.

But all the triumph of her faith
Shone out upon her brow,
When they who told her of his death
Look'd for the wild tear-flow;
For, sending out across the sea,
One sob of human pain,
She said, "The soul that's all to me
The deep can never claim.

"Gone up from out the dashing spray
Of ocean's mystery-cave,
He has enter'd on eternity
Through the portals of the grave;
And I no more across the main
Can trace where he has gone—
Henceforth his ways of life are lain
Beside the Upper Throne."

* * * * *

Another autumn flash'd its gold
Across green wood and plain,
Earth's bosom in a leaf-shroud's fold
Was drench'd by chilling rain;
But she, the loving and the true,
Beside that darksome sea,
Nearer the grace of angels grew,
Nearer eternity.

So at the last when golden sheaves
Were piled to gables dim,
When through the dying forest leaves
Rustled the autumn wind,
They laid her by the moaning sea,
And said, the ashen brow,
Crown'd for its bridal, now would be
Where earth winds never blow.

BEATRICE.

BY FRANK B. GOODRICH.

BEATRICE PORTINARI, the heiress of an illustrious house of Florence, was born in the year 1266, and died at the age of twenty-four. In her short and blighted life she achieved nothing which, were we to adopt a material standard of criticism, would entitle her to a place among queens, heroines, and martyrs. She neither ruled a kingdom, nor fought a battle, nor enslaved a people. By her beauty she inspired a poet; by her purity, her spiritual loveliness, her "divine weakness," she so wrought upon the soul and so exalted the intellect of one who loved her, that, abandoning a licentious and erratic career, and applying himself to study and contemplation, he became the Christian Homer. That the *Divina Commedia* was directly due to the sway still exercised over him by the hallowed memory of Beatrice—for she was long since dead—we have Dante's own authority for asserting. She to whom the world owes the most magnificent poem in the Italian language, and one of the most sublime efforts of human genius, can not be out of place in a gallery which claims to recognize female influence as well as female achievement.

Of Dante's love for Beatrice, the effects of that love upon his life are sufficient evidence; we are not told, and we have no means of knowing, whether she returned his affection. He first saw her, when in her ninth year, at a May-day festival. She, at any rate, married another, one Simone de' Bardi, and while yet in the prime of her youth, overcome with grief at the death of her father, she died in the year 1290. Dante was married soon afterward to a lady named Gemma de' Donati, with whom he lived unhappily. "Oh! inconceivable torture," exclaims Boccaccio, "to live, and converse, and grow old, and die with such a jealous creature!" Four years later, he

composed his *Vita Nuova*—a series of canzoni or sonnets interspersed with prose, in which he records the joys and sorrows of his youth, and speaks of the change wrought in him by his passion, and of the "new life" which it induced him to commence. From this we obtain a picture of the moral and spiritual perfections of his "gloriosa e gentillissima donna."

"Whenever she appeared before my sight," he says, "all hatred at once departed from my heart, and in its stead there was kindled such a flame of charity, that I willingly pardoned all who had offended me. * * This gentlest of ladies gained such favor with every one, that when she walked through the streets, people would run to catch a glimpse of her, whence a marvelous gladness seized my heart; and when she drew near to any one, so much gentleness would enter into his heart that he would not dare to lift up his eyes to answer her greeting; and of this many, as having witnessed it, would bear testimony to those that would not believe it. But she, crowned and clothed in humility, walked on, showing no pride of what she saw and heard. And many would say, after she had passed by, 'This is no woman, surely, but one of the most beautiful of angels.' And others would say, 'She is a miracle; blessed be the Lord, who worketh so marvelously!'"

The *Vita Nuova* concludes with the following words: "After this, I beheld a vision, in which I saw sights that caused me to resolve to cease writing of my beloved Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily; which, that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as she well knoweth. In so much that if it should be His pleasure, for whom all things live, that my life should be spared for a few years upon this earth, I hope to sing of her what never yet was sung or said of any woman. And I pray Him who is the father of goodness to suffer my soul to behold the bliss of its lady, who now, abiding in glory,

looketh upon the face of Him who is blessed forever, world without end."

It is evident from these lines that Dante had, at this early period—he was not yet thirty years of age—conceived the idea which he afterward elaborated in the master-piece of his mature life. "The vow which the youth had made," we quote from the *Christian Examiner*, "the man performed. Never, by pen of mortal writer, has woman been more glorified than Beatrice was by Dante. Never has love inspired its poet with a purer and loftier ideal; never has earthly beauty enjoyed a more radiant apotheosis. She who had been, while living, the delight of his youthful eyes, became, when dead, the guiding-star of his spirit, the comforter and enlightener of his soul, the Jacob's ladder of his holiest aspirations. All representations of love and woman before Dante appear earthly and sensual by the side of his. Noble and glorious as were some of the creations of Greek and Roman poets, here is something 'above all Greek, above all Roman fame.' We may admire, we may pity, we may love Andromache, Penelope, Iphigenia, Electra, Antigone, but here we put off our shoes from our feet, and humbly bow in profound veneration."

The *Divina Commedia* is a highly wrought allegorical poem, consisting of a Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Through these regions the poet makes an imaginary journey, conducted by various guides. Having wandered from the direct path of life, and finding himself alone in a savage and trackless forest, he is accosted by the shade of Virgil, who had always been the object of his admiration. Virgil explains to him that he has descended to earth, at the request of Beatrice, to guide him upon his way. Thus reassured, the Tuscan poet follows his conductor across the Acheron into the realms of Minos. He supposes, in the poem, that "when Lucifer fell from heaven, he struck the earth with such violence as

to make a vast chasm, funnel-shaped, quite down to the earth's center, where he lies frozen in eternal ice. Down the sloping sides of this great funnel, sucks the groaning maelstrom of Dante's Inferno; through whose various eddies and whirlpools the shuddering poet is hurried forward, amid the shrieking shipwrecked souls." Virgil and Dante pass successively through the nine circles of Hell—the most appalling series of pictures ever conceived by the imagination of man.

In the first, called Limbo, are the souls of the unbaptized, and of the heathen philosophers; no groans are heard, but the air is tremulous with sighs. In the second, the spirits of the incontinent are tossed to and fro in a whirlwind. In the third, the souls of gluttons lay howling under a ceaseless shower of hailstones and black rain. In the fourth, the prodigal and the avaricious wage an eternal warfare by rolling huge weights against each other. In the fifth—the Stygian pool—the irascible are seen smiting each other, breathing beneath the filthy water, and covering its surface with bubbles. In the sixth—the flaming city of Dis, with walls of heated iron—the souls of heretics lie buried in fiery graves. In the seventh are the violent, the unjust, and suicides, who are plunged into rivers of blood, or walk upon a sandy plain beneath a shower of fire. In the eighth, or gulf of Malabolge, are seducers, scourged by demons; flatterers, wallowing in filth; fortune-tellers, with their heads turned backward; speculators, seething in a lake of boiling pitch; hypocrites, wearing gilded hoods of lead; and alchemists and forgers rotting with disease. In the ninth circle are the souls of traitors, and Lucifer himself, imbedded in the frozen lake. All these horrible fancies are described with such awful minuteness, that we can hardly wonder at the belief which, for a time, prevailed among his countrymen, that Dante did actually descend into hell, and that the sallowness of his

complexion and the crispness of his beard were occasioned by his having ventured too near the fire.

Lucifer, in his fall, had not only hollowed out the gulf of Hell, but had thrown up on the opposite side of the earth, a mountain, or cone, called Purgatory. In the sides of this cone were cut seven broad terraces, and upon them the seven mortal sins were purged away. Here despair gives way to hope, and as the poets clambered from one terrace to the other, ushered onward by angels, Dante beheld the milder, and yet agonizing expiation of those who had led lives of sin. He saw the proud, tottering under huge weights of stone; the envious, with their eyelids sewed together with iron wire, and having piteous upturned faces, like blind beggars at the gates of churches; the irascible, enveloped in a suffocating smoke; the avaricious, burying their faces in the dust; gluttons emaciated by famine; and the incontinent undergoing purgation by fire.

Beyond, and above the seventh and last terrace, upon the summit of the mountain, stood the Terrestrial Paradise. Here, by the side of limpid waters, and under the shadow of eternal trees, the poet met Beatrice. Her approach is announced with all the splendid imagery of which his pen was capable. A soft melody breathes through the air, and the forest becomes brilliantly illuminated. A sacred procession passes by; hymns, paraphrases for the most part from the psalms of David, are sung in his ravished ear; a mystic chariot, surrounded by saints and angels, who strew the path with lilies, and containing the cherished object of his undying love, advances. Dante turns to Virgil to express his rapture, but he finds himself alone, and weeps. Then, for the first time, he hears the voice of Beatrice:

"Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay,
Weep thou not yet; behooves thee feel the edge
Of other sword, and thou shalt weep for that."

Beatrice becomes Dante's guide

through the ten heavens or spheres of Paradise. She fixes her gaze upon the sun, till Dante is dazzled by his reflected light. They hear the harmony of the spheres. In the first sphere, or that of the Moon, the poet sees the happy souls of those who, having taken monastic vows on earth, were forced to violate them; in the second, Mercury, dwell the spirits of those whom a thirst for glory moved to noble enterprises; in the third, Venus, those who on earth were celebrated for holy and legitimate love; in the fourth, the Sun, dwell the doctors and fathers of the church; the fifth, Mars, is the home of the heroic souls of the crusaders, who died fighting for the cross; the sixth, Jupiter, is the abode of upright princes, who are arranged in the form of an eagle, in the center of whose flaming eye, sits King David; in the seventh, Saturn, to which the poet and Beatrice ascend upon a ladder spangled with stars, dwell those who have passed their lives in holy contemplation. Dante here notices that the beauty of Beatrice is constantly becoming more radiant, and that it is as difficult to gaze upon her as upon the spheres themselves. The eighth heaven is that of the fixed stars; they enter the constellation Gemini, and the poet turns his backward glance upon the earth, a remote speck in the universe. In this heaven dwell the souls of Adam and the saints. Here the music is so sweet that, compared to it, Dante describes the most delightful earthly music as "a rent cloud, when it grates the thunder."

In the ninth circle, all is light, and love, and joy. "A river of light flows through the center, bordered with flowers of incredible beauty. From the river issue brilliant sparkles which fly amongst the flowers, where they seem like rubies chased in gold. By the desire of Beatrice, Dante drinks of this water, and his eyes being opened, he sees that the sparks are angels, and the flowers mortals. He beholds, in a vast circle

of light, more than a million of thrones, disposed like the leaves of a rose, where sit angels and the souls of just men made perfect. An innumerable host of celestial beings, with faces of flame and wings of gold, float over the eternal city. Here Beatrice leaves him, and resumes her throne of light in the third circle from the highest."

The tenth and last heaven is the EMPYREAN. Here the venerable St. Bernard becomes Dante's guide. Assisted by his prayers to the Virgin Mary that the poet may be enabled to contemplate, for an instant, the dazzling glory of the Divine Majesty, he is vouchsafed one fearful gaze upon the Great Mystery. Declaring his inability to describe what he has beheld, Dante lays down his pen and brings his poem to a close. He returns to earth, to his exile and his poverty, leaving his saint behind him,

"Vested in colors of the living flame."

They alone who can read Dante in the original, and can dispense with a paraphrase—for translation is impossible—can comprehend to what a degree the poet was wrought upon by the deathless memory of her who had inspired him. Never, indeed, was such a tribute paid by man to woman. He has bound her brow with laurel, and has made her name as immortal as his own.

WRONG FOOT FOREMOST.

A MORNING EXPERIENCE OF OUR FRIEND, MR. SWEET.

MR. SWEET is, naturally, an amiable man, but, like all men, is sometimes apt to get out of bed with the wrong foot foremost; consequently every thing goes wrong with him, to the great discomfort of the household, to the clerks in the store, and, in fact, to everybody. Sydney Smith, and *after him* Henry Ward Beecher, both declare that the state of a person's digestion has every thing to do with his temper and daily con-

versation—that if he overloads his stomach to indigestion, he is sour and tart to everybody, while, if he has tickled his stomach with generous fruits and moderate diet, he is sure to have a smile on his countenance which will tickle everybody he meets into good humor. This may all be very true; but we still think getting out of bed with the right foot foremost, has much to do with the smiles and frowns through the day. Mr. Sweet's case proves it. We give his experience *pro bono publico*, asking pardon for this betrayal of his private affairs:

"Why didn't you awaken me at seven o'clock, Mrs. Sweet? Here it is fifteen minutes past, and I desired *particularly* to be early this morning. I've more business to-day than I can attend to. You thought you wouldn't disturb me, because I said in the night that I had a headache! Well, I don't know that headaches are expected to prevent paper from maturing, nor banks from closing at three o'clock. There goes that button! Are my buttons *never* to be sewed on so that they will last through more than one washing? This shirt is horribly ironed. Tell Bridget if she doesn't do my bosoms better, you must look out for another girl. Any thing but such linen as this on a gentleman! I do not want that black suit this morning. Can not you see that it's going to rain? You don't think it will! There never was a woman yet with clear enough reasoning faculties to be a good judge of the weather. Give me my gray clothes, and be quick about it. John hasn't half blacked these boots. I'll ring him up, and make him do them over. What's that? If it's going to rain, you don't see what difference it will make. I do not know that it is any reason why a gentleman should not have his boots polished, because there is a possibility of its raining. Supposing it should clear off, how do you think I would look then?

"Isn't breakfast on the table yet? Waiting for twenty minutes, has it?

Humph! a palatable meal it will be, I am sure. What's that I smell? If you do not wish to spoil every morsel of appetite that I have left, don't tell me that it's hot buckwheat cakes!—a dish only fit for a well man; and my stomach is horribly out of order. No, you needn't order any dry toast; I'll eat these, seeing they're here, and, of course, I'll have the headache all day to pay for it. Jamie, be quiet, sir! you can't have any more butter—it's not good for little boys. Here, Kitty, take this little tiger from the table. I'll have no screaming here. Mrs. Sweet, if you strove, as you ought to, to make his home pleasant to your husband, he would not be disturbed, at what ought to be one of the pleasantest periods of the day.

"What's that, my little dear? Bring you the big wax doll I promised you? No, not to-day. Little girls mustn't be so extravagant. Your old doll is good enough, and papa doesn't feel rich this morning. Be thankful you've got bread and butter, and do not think about new dolls.

"What would I like for dinner? I do not know that I can say so long beforehand. If I feel no more appetite than I do now, I shall not want much. I've forced down eleven of these cakes, because there was nothing more suitable upon the table. If I've a return of my dyspeptic attack, I shall know who to blame for it. I might send round one of those little roasting-pigs we saw last evening, if I was sure it would come to the table well-stuffed with plenty of currant-jelly and macaroni, with cheese.

"You thought of going down town to-day, but will put it off if I am not prepared! A round-about way of asking me for money, I suppose. There's my purse; just take what there is—only, pray, leave me sixpence to pay the omnibus. I'm just as well prepared now as I shall be for a month—and as for asking a woman to wait a month, when she's made up her mind to go shopping, a man had better ask the earth to stand still.

The mania for shopping is the curse of domestic life. A woman must buy every pretty thing she sees, whether she needs it or not. And with all their extravagance, I never yet saw one of the sex who looked really comfortable and genteel. Their skirts are too long or too short; their sleeves are too wide or too narrow; their bonnets poke out like a charcoal wagon, or hang on their backs like a lost flower-basket; they are as lank as a fence-rail, or as puffy as a balloon; their waists are squeezed into their hips, or hunched under their arm-pits; they are bedizened, befrilled, befurbelowed, bepuffed, until men are ashamed of them in the saloon, laugh at them in the streets, and dread them in the cars and stages; they try to see which can be the silliest, which can attract the—mercy on us, Mrs. Sweet, do you see that child? Fairly crawling on to the table, and the cream-cup upset on the carpet!—they can not even give due attention to their own aff—you thought I was in a hurry this morning? Well, supposing I am, am I to be driven off with my breakfast half eaten? Don't be in such a hurry to get rid of your beloved—don't! I suppose it's not pleasant to hear too much truth.

"There's that bran-new silk umbrella gone, that I bought only the last storm, and nothing to be found of it! And now, *of course*, it will rain—it always does when a person has no umbrella! Say, wife, if Jones should call here to-day for that subscription I promised him, tell him I've made up my mind not to give any thing. I don't believe in societies—they're humbugs from beginning to end! And do try and look a little more amiable on my return. You look as if you were just going to say something sharp; and, of all things, preserve me from a fretful wife! This fretting—fretting—fretting all the time, is enough to drive a man mad. Well, good-morning, my love. Of course it won't rain, now I've got my old clothes on!"

WIT—ITS NATURE AND USES.*

BY HORACE MANN.

WHILE I would vehemently condemn all brawling jollities, or sports unworthy the nobler faculties of man, let me advance an earnest plea in behalf of elegant and refined mirthfulness. I love cheerfulness, and hilarity, and wit founded upon the subtle and almost magical relations of things. Wit is an intellectual faculty, and God placed its organ at the outer angle of the forehead so that it may look all ways for the subjects of merriment. Kingsley, than whom, a more religious man has not written in our day, and whose love of nature is only less than his love of humanity, suggests that there are certain animals whom God created in the spirit of fun. I like the Homeric idea that the gods of Olympus loved a joke. I refuse my approval only because their jokes were unworthy of gods. The element of wit, like that of benevolence or veneration, is within us, and the sources of its legitimate gratification are all around us and inexhaustible. The subtle genius who can discern startling or incongruous relations and thus create delightful surprises, is, next to him who can discern a new truth, a benefactor to mankind. A jocose physician will restore more patients by his jokes than by his physic, and a witticism that hits the mark, will disperse a mob quicker than bullets that hit the men.† How exhilarating to think of some master-

stroke of wit, started thousands of years ago, descending along the path of time, crackling and coruscating, creating new explosions of laughter before the old echoes have died away, expanding both mouth and heart of all men, until, in our day and time, it flaps and vibrates all living diaphragms, and is then designed, like a *feu de joie*, to run down the line of all future generations. Ignorance and the brutishness of ignorance, crime and the retributions of crime, can alone extinguish this love of mirthfulness in the heart of man. It is bad enough to see a *man* who always looks as Adam may be supposed to have looked the morning after the fall, but a *child* that never laughs, is one of the saddest sights in the world.

But mirthfulness should always be associated with the higher faculties. When allied with the lower or animal propensities of men, it is as debasing as it is elevating when associated with the higher nature. It should always be employed to adorn benevolence and wisdom, and to increase our scorn for falsehood and our righteous detestation of hypocrisy. To be attracted by one of the most attractive of all things—warm-blooded laughter—and when you expect to see a Hyperion, to behold, instead, only the foul eyes of a Satyr leering out upon you, is one of the sorest and most grievous of moral affronts. There can be no greater misalliance than that of genius and vice; or, what is almost as fatal, that of education and vice.

What is remarkable and most pertinent to our purpose here, is, that almost all those living and enduring treasures which now constitute the world's "*capital stock of wit*," have come from the scholar. In this single department, the true student finds a thousand-fold compensation for all the coarse buffooneries and vulgar jollifications of the world. But let him remember that his wit, in order to be enduring, must be genuine, heart-exhilarating, truth-flashing, virtue-pro-

* Extract from the Baccalaureate Address at Antioch College.

† After the French Revolution of 1848, which dethroned Louis Philippe, Lamartine, who had been placed at the head of the Provisional Government, and who had enjoyed unbounded popularity, suddenly incurred the vengeance of the Parisian mob, who marched forthwith to the Hotel de Ville, where Lamartine and his colleagues were in council, and demanded the presence of their fated victim. No sooner had he appeared on the balcony, than a wild roar, like the noise of many waters, filled the air: "His head!" "His head!" shouted the angry mob. "My head," said Lamartine, "would to God you all had it on your shoulders!" The infinite contrast of ideas between trampling his head under their feet for vengeance, or wearing it on their shoulders for wisdom and guidance, transformed them suddenly as another Pentecost, and he escaped.

tecting, vice-exposing; not the empty laughter of Bacchus, nor the loathsome grimace of Silenus.

Nothing unveils a man's character so suddenly and so surely as what he laughs at. Laughter is so unpremeditated and spontaneous, that it turns the soul inside out before one has time to think. The moral nature of that man needs to be reconstructed who laughs at what is obscene, profane, or wicked. The sardonic grin is painful as the bite of a viper. The hyena laughs, the saint laughs—what an infinitude of moral distance lies between them!

The earnest college student, under proper intellectual and moral illuminations, and however unfortunate may have been his early education and associations, will soon give evidence that he is undergoing a refining process of character. His first change will be to repudiate and spurn all those monkeyisms of "trick," and "prank," and "practical joke," as they are called, which descend in college life from one low order of students to another, the legacy of folly to fools. We all know that there are colleges in this country whose vicinity to poultry-yards and hen-roosts is more formidable than if every building on the college premises were a burrow for Samson's foxes. The doctrine of the "Golden Rule," as applied to the whole *risible* nature of man, is simply this: "*That is not fun which is not fun for both sides.*"

OLD HUNDRED.

IN a rustic church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn, "Be thou, O God, exalted high." The air is old also, the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing Old Hundred now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along the grander arch—the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it can not die! Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land, where sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men they have heard or sung Old Hundred. If they were babes, they have smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep, singing Old Hundred. Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregations where it has, with or without the leading organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she, whose pure and innocent face haunted you with mild beauty, loved Old Hundred, and as she sang it, closed her eyes, and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who, with faltering steps, ascended the pulpit stairs, with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved Old Hundred. And though sometimes his lips only moved, deep down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs forever, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice—how he loved Old Hundred! Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair; his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silver locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear

that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years' service in the Master's cause, Old Hundred sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones, of the old Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches where generation after generation have I worshiped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seems to breathe of Old Hundred from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company, who have at different times and at different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the brave, the beautiful, the rapt faces of all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

“Old Hundred!” king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow tired of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be,

“Be thou, O God, exalted high.”

A SNOW PICTURE.

BY OUR “SIBYL.”

* * * * *

IN the mean time, hours before the two fairies we have mentioned slipped from beneath their downy coverlids, their cousin Daisy had deserted her chamber in the old farmhouse, and had gone out-of-doors, with a milking-pail on her arm. As she stepped off the little wooden “stoop”

which fringed the dining-room door, she drew in her breath with a low sigh of surprise, and stood in mute delight, regarding a scene as new as it was marvelous. A silent white spirit from the realms above had been busy all night long—and now, what a beautiful work was completed before her! The familiar yard with its well and long well-sweep, its picket-fence, its rows of currant-bushes underneath, and its high elms, and locust, and heaps of rose-bushes, all so brown, so bleak the evening previous, were converted into a fairy bower, more exquisite than mortal hands ever elaborated out of marble or silver. The snow had come down damp and thick, and clung to every gothic arch of the old trees, and every tiny branch of the bushes, and every symmetrical picket, as long as a single flake could find a place to hang itself. The well-curb and the low bushes looked like couches of swan's down spread out for the repose of some invisible beauty. The trees were burdened so heavily, that there was a soft gloom underneath, wrapping the whole yard in a mystic quiet and repose. Daisy looked through the dreamy vistas, and the interlaced boughs of the motionless trees seemed to form arched windows more lofty and intricate than the famous work in ancient cathedrals. No alabaster was ever as white as the pure material of this enchanted bower. Stillness, both of motion and sound, reigned absolute. Daisy felt all the poetry of the moment, pausing, herself so bright, so active, as if the spell was also upon her, and she might momentarily grow as white and as motionless as the world around her. But she bloomed on like a single rose in a garden of lilies; and soon a red ray, shot from the quiver of the rising sun, pierced through a window of the bower, and struck her where she stood, deluging her cheeks with crimson, her eyes with light, and her hair with gold. The sleepy chanticleer in the farm-yard gave a sudden scream to find he

had slumbered so late, and was answered here and there, through the distance, by his cheery brotherhood. The cows lowed indolently, as if still oppressed with dreams of summer pastures, and not wanting to awake to the realities of corn-husks and knee-deep snow.

Daisy gave her milk-pail a gay swing, and plunged into the untrodden path. The snow laid all about her so soft and deep, that she could not resist the temptation to ruffle its unsoiled page. She broke a stick from a lilac-bush, and with this rude graver, traced figures and flowers with considerable skill upon the smooth plate of the yielding surface. As the sun arose in his full splendor, glorifying the world at a glance, some lines of Tennyson came to her mind, and she wrote them down upon a page as pure as her own young heart:

"Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropp'd a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down droop'd, in many a floating fold
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame," &c., &c.;

and then, more thoughtfully, or, it may be, unconsciously, the initials, J. A. These she duplicated many times as she passed slowly along, and once she wrote a name in full—Jesse Allen; and just then her brother Will came, whistling, from the house, and, with a blush, she blotted out the tell-tale record.

A VALENTINE.

AS this is near the season when birds are said to choose their mates, we will tell a little story of a Valentine, which happened a few years ago, when these tender missives were more in fashion and in favor than at present; when the lady in the parlor received an exquisite ten-dollar bouquet, with a dainty, scented note hidden in its depths, with no more pleasure than her maid in the kitchen found a curiously-cut and folded sheet of foolscap, inscribed with

hearts and darts, tucked under the basement door.

But this incident of which we write transpired in the country, where people never *pay* for flowers, any more than they do for the fresh air they breathe; and where the maiden of the parlor is frequently the maid of the kitchen also, and loses nothing of beauty, health, or attractiveness by the part she plays there.

"I *do* wonder if I shall have a valentine to-morrow?" whispered Katie Linnet, to her confidential friend, Annie Moore. "I have never had one in my life, and I think it's about time!"

About time, indeed! the little maiden had seen some seventeen summers, had worn long dresses all of two years, and had a part of her restless curls restrained by a comb for half of that time. How it came that she never had had a valentine was a mystery, for she looked pretty and coquettish enough to have had a hundred.

It was in the early part of the evening, at a small social gathering, that she made the above remark in an aside to Annie, as they sat on a sofa together, who smiled as she answered:

"I think you *will* have one, Katie, for Fred shut himself up in his room all yesterday, after church in the morning, and, when I stole in to see what he was about, I found a great many scraps of paper littering the floor, his hair stuck out in all directions, his eyes were in a frenzy rolling, &c., &c. He tried to conceal his occupation, but I secured a few of the fragments, and, if I can read writing correctly, the name of *somebody* appeared more than once. Very pretty rhymes—don't you think so?—Kate, mate, fate, wait, gre—"

"Oh, hush, please!" cried Katie, putting her hand up to the mischievous mouth of the speaker, a blush rising, quick as thought, and mantling her cheeks, until her very curls, out of pity to her confusion, seemed to droop lower over the lovely face.

At this instant, just as the blush had heightened her beauty to the utmost, Frederick Moore appeared at the door, and, as she looked up, she met his gaze of evident admiration. Annie was looking sharply at her, in hopes of discovering just how much influence her brother had over the emotions of her friend; she had a secret thought that it would be the most delightful thing in the world for the two to chance to fall in love with each other; and had begun to suspect that her wishes were in the fair way of fulfillment.

Katie would not have been true to the instincts of a young maiden, if she had not covered her blush by a manner of unusual gravity and decorum; so that, when Fred had paid his respects to the hostess, and come directly over to where they were sitting, she welcomed him with a dignified bow, and called him "Mr. Moore," with unusual propriety.

She was not going to allow Annie to suppose that she was so much flattered by the hint about the valentine. Indeed, the faster her heart beat, and the happier it grew, beneath the love-light plainly discernible in the dark-blue eyes whose glances sought her own, the more formal grew her demeanor.

The party was given by the hostess, in honor of the return of her son—a young gentleman who had been away for a year or two, doing business in this city, and who, of course, whenever he paid his mother a visit, elicited the envy or contempt of the men by his new coat and new manners, and the admiration of the girls by the same. This young gentleman, Alfred Pixley by name, surveyed his mother's guests with a critical eye, and came to the conclusion that Miss Katie was the loveliest girl in the room; and she *was* looking peculiarly charming that evening, in a new light-blue silk, and pearl necklace, which set off the transparent fairness and bloom of her complexion. He was not the only one who thought her

so; and he saw that he vexed Fred. Moore almost to anger, by the selfish manner in which he appropriated all the smiles of Miss Katie, asking her hand for nearly every dance, and giving no one a chance so much as to hand her a sandwich at supper. The little flirt saw, also, how fretted her old admirer was, and took delight in adding fuel to the flame of his discontent. In short, she favored Mr. Pixley so much that many took notice of it, and that gentleman himself felt exceedingly flattered; and after the company had dispersed, late as it was, he sat up and concocted, by the aid of Byron and Moore, a very fine valentine, which was dispatched to Miss Linnet the next morning, with a rosebud and a sprig of myrtle, which he stole from his mother's stand of plants.

Katie laughed over the effusion, and placed it on a conspicuous part of the center-table, that the sight of it might torment Frederick when he called that evening—as she hoped he would do. She expected *the* valentine from him, but none came. Thrice that day she sent to the post-office; there was nothing for her! Every time there was a ring at the door-bell, her heart fluttered against her silken bodice. Night came—bed-time—and no valentine! Katie cried herself to sleep. "She had offended him by her levity the previous evening—he would never forgive her! It *was* wrong of her, when they were as good as engaged—although no words had passed!" Thus she said to herself, until her sobs were smothered in slumber.

The next morning she arose more hopeful. Frederick would come, and she would be very kind. But he did not come. Mr. Pixley *did*, and was more devoted than ever. A week passed, and Frederick had not been near her. Every day Mr. Pixley had visited her, and now he had proposed—and she had accepted him. How it came about she could hardly tell. She knew that vanity ruled

him, and spite and vexation herself; yet he had made an avowal of love, and she had smiled upon it. She went up to her chamber almost heart-broken, after he had said good-night, and threw herself upon the bed in an agony of tears. She knew she had been making a fool of herself!—making herself eternally miserable just to mortify a man who had slighted her—the only man she loved, or ever, ever could love!

As she flung herself upon the bed, something rustled in the pocket of her dress. She wore the identical blue silk—had put it on purposely to look beautiful in Mr. Pixley's eyes. What was it? It was a new dress, and she had put no paper in her pocket that she recollected. Something like an intuition of the truth flashed upon her, she rose up and drew from the pocket a letter—yes, with the seal unbroken, and in a well-known hand-writing. There was the valentine! which had been slyly slipped into that receptacle upon St. Valentine's Eve, with the supposition that she would find it when she returned home from the party.

It was a manly, eloquent offer of hand and heart, not even written in poetry, from Frederick Moore, desiring her, if she favored his suit, to give him just the least little line of acceptance on the following day.

Ah! how the glad smiles flashed through her tears! how the warm color flooded her face and bosom, which she hid for a moment in her pillow, all alone though she was! But—she was engaged to another man, or nearly so! She grew as pale as she had been rosy, at the thought. But, being a girl of decision of character, she wrote two missives before she put out her lamp for the night. One was to Frederick, explaining her silence, asking his forgiveness, and hinting sweetly at how much she thought of him. The next was to Mr. Alfred Pixley, and was simply a copy of Mrs. Browning's "LADY'S YES:"

"Yes!" I answer'd you last night;
"No!" this morning, sir, I say:
Colors seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols play'd their best,
Lamps above, and laughs below—
LOVE ME sounded like a jest,
Fit for YES or fit for NO.

Yet the sin is on us both—
Time to dance is not to woo—
Wooer light makes fickle truth—
Scorn of MA recoils on YOU.

If Mr. Pixley was mortified at receiving the above, he concealed his feelings by hurrying back to the city. Kate and Fred are very happy, and have a "birdie" of their own in their household nest. M. V. V.

A TRANSIENT THOUGHT.

IT can not be denied that this is the era, predicted so long ago by the prophets, when the world should show signs and wonders incomprehensible. A mania for something startling, new, unexpected, seems to have seized upon humanity; and we witness the whole mighty army of civilized man making forward in hot haste, as if each nation, with its grand battalions, were eager to be "in at the death" of the Old, first. Life, indeed, bears the semblance of a dream. Man is clothing himself with mystery; and he draws around the hidden secrets of his mind a mystic robe that gives him the air and presence of a Creator. And his works do not serve to dispel the illusion, for each succeeding invention—or creation, if you please—throws forth some attribute which our fathers were fain to call God-like. Science, indeed, with her calm thought and majesty, utters a preacher's truth in every page of her revelations; yet is man clothed with a mystery which ages will not solve—the mystery of his own power.

We are not of those who would tear aside the veil which shadows the future, and, by rushing headlong into innovations, research, and assumption, bring darkness and distress into the present, instead of light; but we are of those who claim for the mind the

use and exercise of its unfathomed powers in the great illimitable sea of mystery which encircles us at every step. We claim for Mind, supremacy; we ask the material world to bow down and worship it, as Mind bows down and worships the Great Source of all its power. Yet, we do not ask for the exercise of this power in such a way as man shall not be honored and good may not come. We do not claim a right to crush reason under foot, while imagination—the loftiest attribute of the human intellect—runs rampant and wild, building up fantastic creations to usurp the place of the staid and real. Rather do we claim a right to have such a mind taught its error, and by proper restraints brought into the pale of reason; and when the enthusiast's brain cries out for an embodiment of his wild dreams of Progress, Socialism, Liberalism, &c., we would lay our finger upon his lips, and whisper, "Beware!"

Darkness can never come again to the intellect, except that God, in his ways, should reproach its pride and assumption of God-like attributes, by wrapping around His handiwork a deeper vail of impenetrability than is now inclosing it. Light is all present; and in the strange fields where research leads, we would have not a superstition or a fear to mar the way. Lead on, O Mind! Truth is of God, and truth can only be found by search into the darkness of the mine of the Unrevealed. Play with the telescope into the heavens, until immensity is spanned with a bridge of science, over which the student and the child may walk. Dive into the deeps around, and unfold to gaze the secrets of the earth and sea. Pierce the problem of life itself, and make nature yield up her secrets as the ground yields fruit when it is stirred. Awaken reason to its subtlest power, and let it reach into the very confines of the hidden, until truth is eliminated from its very spirituality. For, be it known, God alone is ever uppermost

in the search, and the heart looks in upon itself with a confidence of a future life which shall burst away the materiality that now obstructs the mental vision; and all our research, all our striving, all our hope shall draw themselves into one grand truth—Immortality. O. J. V.

THE COTTAGE HOME.

(See Steel Plate.)

FAIR is the face of the mother,
Bright is the light at the door;
A carpet of sunshine, no other,
Is woven of gold, for the floor.

The windows have curtains more splendid
Than ever came out of a loom,—
Green curtains, with fringes appended,
Of roscate fragrance and bloom.

Sweet are the faces of childhood,
Like flowers in the cottage they beam—
Like violets fresh from the wild wood,
Or daisies that laugh by the stream.

In many a proud city palace
Exotics of pleasure expand;
But more sweet is the dew in the chalice
Of the valley-nursed flowers of the land.

II. II.

THE HOUSEHOLD COQUETTE.

FROM MRS. OSGOOD'S POEMS.

Come hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp!
With your mischievous smile and your musical lisp;
With your little head toss'd, like a proud fairy queen,
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine.

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?
Did you coax from the clouds, of a sunset serene,
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,
The ravishing tones that with melody thrill?
Ah! your little light heart wonders what I can mean,
For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine.

STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.*

BY W. T. COGGESHALL.

"Freeze—freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot,
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not."

SHAKESPEARE.

ON a sultry afternoon, toward the last of August, in the year . . . , I was patiently wending my way, on horseback, up one of the long hills of interior Pennsylvania. Near the summit, I heard the hubble of a spring, and turning my horse into the shade, sat down by the cool water, where it fell from rock to rock into a small basin. It was such a spot as I would have selected out of a thousand, for pleasant repose, when wearied with travel on a dusty road, beneath a noonday sun. The foliage above me was dense; I found a convenient seat where I could recline upon a mossy carpet which grew from a rock against an old tree, and there had a commanding view of a lovely valley.

Half a mile from the foot of the hill was a farm, which, with its houses of neat construction, its ample shade-trees, extensive orchards, and handsomely-divided fields, all bearing the appearance of attentive care and cultivation, excited my admiration. Envious reflections which I was indulging were disturbed by a stranger, wearing the dress of a farmer, who came to the spring, threw off his slouched hat, and bathed his forehead in the cooling water. We exchanged the compliments of the hour. He appeared to be a resident of the vicinity, and I asked him if he could tell me who was the owner of the little farm I had been admiring. I was quite astonished when he modestly informed me that he was the fortunate individual. I complimented him upon the possession of so attractive an estate, when he remarked:

"For any thing about it in the arrangement of the buildings, laying

out or decoration of the grounds, that is attractive, the credit belongs to others than myself."

My curiosity was lively, and hoping there might be romance of interest in the story, I expressed anxiety to hear the history of the little farm.

The farmer seated himself near me, and, in an intelligent manner, related what I will now tell in my own way.

When the farmer, whom I shall call Henry, was a school-boy, the farm was occupied by an elderly gentleman and his family. They told the neighbors that they had been engaged to fit up the place for a rich man in an eastern city, who had taken a fancy for it, on a visit, some years previous, to that part of the country. The steward of the farm had an only daughter, a few years younger than Henry, whose dark eyes made a different impression upon him than the eyes of other maidens, and frequently led him into wayward rambles on the hill-sides, or amid the forest in search of berries and wild flowers, when holidays gave the school-children such opportunities, or he could be spared from his mother's cottage—for she was a poor widow, and he was her only son.

In one of these rambles Henry and the steward's pretty daughter came down the hill, above described, and ran to the spring. They were surprised to see a middle-aged man who appeared to have been wounded by a fall from his horse. He sat near the spring, but evidently had not refreshed himself with its waters. With the little cup which was a constant companion of their rambles, Henry ran to the spring and returned in an instant bearing a draught of the sparkling water for the wounded man; then he set off to catch his horse which had wandered away, while his fair companion bathed the stranger's brow, or performed the duties of "*cup-bearer*" with artless grace.

When the horse had been caught, Henry assisted the gentleman to mount, and then led the animal down

* From advance sheets of "Home Hits and Hints: a Book for the Fireside,"—soon to issue from the press of Redfield, New York.

the hill, and took the stranger to his mother's cottage. The gentleman was not dangerously wounded, but was too ill to travel, and was obliged to accept the kindly proffered hospitalities of Widow Henry's cottage. He was not able to resume his journey for several days, and Henry waited upon him attentively, while the steward's little daughter came each day to bring him choice fruit or fragrant flowers. When he had regained his strength, and was ready to return home, on taking leave of young Henry, he gave him a card, saying, with a look which the youngster understood:

"When you become a man and think of taking a helpmate, write to me at Philadelphia, and I may be of service to you."

Years passed, and young Henry had grown to be a man. He lived still with his mother in the old cottage, but many broad acres had been added to the little homestead. He was about to take to the cottage a companion and an assistant for his mother in the shape of a handsome maiden, a few years his junior, when the steward's little daughter (we have let out the secret) reminded him of the stranger's request. Henry had promised, and though thinking it of no account, wrote to the address as directed.

The time appointed for the nuptials arrived, and the company had assembled, when a carriage drove into the farm-yard, and from it the Philadelphia gentleman alighted. He was gladly received. He witnessed the marriage ceremony with much interest, and it was no sooner concluded, than stepping forward, as if to congratulate the couple, he turned to the company, told them he was the owner of the pretty farm, complimented the steward for the manner in which he had taken care of it, and relating the incident of his illness at the cottage, said that he could manifest his gratitude in no better way than by offering, as a bridal present, to the pretty girl, who had watched over him, the farm her father had put in such excel-

lent order. He spoke handsomely of the sure reward which ever follows true benevolence and charity, but I need not repeat his remarks, nor tell of the astonishment and gratitude of the bride and groom. I may say, however, that their astonishment was very much enhanced, when he took Henry by the hand, and said:

"I am proud to tell you that you are my nephew. Your father was an only brother, of whom I lost trace for many years. When I became an inmate of your mother's cottage, and learned the story of her life, I knew that she was his wife. I did not then reveal myself, because I wished to do you a greater favor. I resolved to purchase the farm adjoining your homestead, and keep it for a wedding gift to your bride. Her father told me where I could see the owner. I knew very well who the bride would be. Had it not been for the cup of water you gave me at the spring on the hill, I had not found a sister and a nephew, and you had not got a farm with your wife."

Hath not our story a moral?

"The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a drop of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when the Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Had almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand."

LOVE IN THE RAIN.

My love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain,
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lee
Of the wide, high-spreading chestnut-tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath a rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well."
Oh, rain! oh, rain!
Oh, blessed rain!
No sunshine e'er shall come again
So dear to me as that stormy rain!

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

AS we write, it is "merry Christmas time,"—sweet, precious season when the old grow young, and the young are as happy as angels. We have too few of such seasons in a lifetime to allow one to pass carelessly, or without bringing to the heart its meed of good fruits of good deeds. He is a sorry person who sees no particular beneficence in the ordinance of Christmas; life to such is a hard, dull practicality, and we often think a horse or an omnibus enjoys it just as properly as he. All those occasions, be they church or political holidays, which teach us to unlock our hearts and let out our humanity to sun and enjoy *itself*, are to be regarded with loving consideration, and should receive the real worship they deserve. Christmas, New Year's day, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, are about all the days which Americans regard as holidays, though there are others which ought to be placed on the list. But such as we have should be *especially* consecrated to social communion, to good doing, and the dissemination of happiness. We have too many days, weeks, ay, months of toil, and suffering, and distrust, to allow these four precious days to be counted in with all others; we need them to save us from complete selfishness, to tear away the somber vestments of care, and let pure sunlight of charity and good-will pour into our bosoms. Could one day of every month be given up to general good-doing, when all work should cease, and social reunions be the purposes of the hour, how much happier we should be as a people and as individuals! That "good time," so long promised, would then be near at hand, and the "Golden Rule" would begin its work of regeneration of humanity.

NO INDEED!

It is n't any particular body's business whose particular baby is referred to in the following lines, which we *found somewhere*. If anybody thinks mamma believes "the daughter of the household" to be prettier, more bird-like or flower-like than she really is, or that papa need n't intrude his domestic happiness upon the public, why—they are

so unfortunate, most likely, as not to be papa or mamma themselves, and can not be expected to sympathize. We believe there are thousands of happy homes all over the land where darling little creatures are nightly

WAITING FOR PAPA.

Ah, no! no glaring gas-light yet
Shall desecrate our chamber!
The fire-light streams in many a jet
Of glowing gold and amber;
The full moon rises large and bright,
Her smile, so pure and tender,
Doth mingle with the crimson light
That fills our room with splendor.

Shy shadows lie in sleepy nooks,
From chairs and tables peeping,
While after them, with merry looks,
The frolic lights are leaping.
They dance upon the floor and wall,
Yet dance they not more feately
Than she, who scarcely lily tall,
Laughs out so fresh and sweetly.

Not two years old the daughter now
Who waits for papa nightly;
Pure as the snow-drop is her brow,
Her golden hair gleams brightly;
A little knot of ribbons red
Floats off from each white shoulder;
Her dainty skirts are archly spread
As she were some years older.

As restless as some brilliant bird,
All wavering, fluttering, humming,
While murmuring o'er some just-taught word
To charm the dear one coming.
And now she seems a red rose rare,
And now a fairy, thoughtless;
And now she seems a lily fair,
So pure she is and spotless.

But "Hark!" she cries, with eager face,
And lifts her baby fingers,
Inclines her head with bird-like grace,
A moment listening lingers;
Then "Papa! papa!" with a shout
Like silver finely ringing;
And, through the door-way flashing out,
Fire-light and child are springing!

Sweet welcome home! a glittering bridge
In a magic moment spanning,
With beams of gold from ridge to ridge,
The dull day's toil and planning!
Oh, sweet was twilight in the wild,
Warm glow of youth's first summer—
But sweeter now when wife and child
Wait for the weary comer.

S O M E B O D Y

Has come home from China, and brought us a paper-knife, for which we have much use; and our eyes often rest unconsciously upon the face of the Chinese belle and beauty elaborately carved upon the handle. To-day it suggests thoughts of the nature of beauty. What is beauty? is it really, after all, a thing of habit, association, and relation, founded upon no fixed principle? We find our own ideas of the beautiful constantly changing; wavering as lightly as fashion—now vowing allegiance to pinched-up waists and humps upon the back, now fixed in adoration upon plump proportions and scanty draperies; while here is this oriental lady, by whose charms every unmarried Mandarin could swear, notwithstanding that, according to Saxe,

Her skin had the color of saffron tea,
And her nose was flat as a nose could be;
And never were seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;

And then such feet!

You'd scarcely meet

In the largest walk through the grandest street;

Two little stumps,

Mere pedal lumps,

That toddle along with the funniest thumps!

So in Turkey is beauty weighed and measured in the same scale by which, in this country, we judge of the worth of—swine! The Lap has a very different ideal of a lady-love from our enthusiastic young friend, T. B., the poet,—and so, after all, what is beauty? and when can we be sure we have found it?

W H A T D O T H E Y S A Y ?

The music of the bells is in the street, ha-ha! ha-ha! and the laugh rings loud, and the horses are fleet, ha-ha! ha-ha! But the snow—oh, woe! lies cold at the door; and the larder is low, and the wood is no more—no more! Where the laugh does not ring, where the heart does not sing, the merry bells bring no gladness, no glow; there is snow by the door, there is want at the door, and the grief-stricken poor mutter woe! oh, woe! Think of this, gay hearts! look at this, bright eyes! and feel, as you pass by the unsheltered door, how the angels above will smile and approve, if one-half the

money spent in chasing down folly, is laid in the palms of the uncared-for poor! So swells the cadence of the passing bells.

" G O O D M E M O R . "

Many good people think that in order to be good, they must be solemn. Yet the heart, especially the loving and vigorous heart of young humanity, cries out against this doctrine as so unnatural, that it is repelled even from what would otherwise be attractive. Storms are necessary parts of the machinery of nature; the cloud, the snow, the bitter cold, the dull rain are all useful—out of them all, spring life and beauty; but there is more sunshine than tempest, after all, on the face of the earth. Rainy days are the exception, not the rule; and, though the sky is brighter, the air fresher, and the flowers sweeter for the trial they have endured, yet they return to their pristine sunshine with a glow of delight; and if the storm were perpetual, all color, bloom, and fragrance would soon be gone. As the valleys dimple with flowers, and the hills laugh in the very eyes of heaven, so should the cheek of health dimple with mirth, and the heart of virtue smile in the presence of God.

A Q U A I N T S A Y I N G

Was that of Henry Ward Beecher's, that "some people pray cream and live skim-milk." It will do to ponder—that thought will. No remarks of ours can add any pertinence to it. We are only afraid the class to whom it applies will be the last to appropriate it.

T W I L I G H T G L I M P S E S .

It is pleasant, as one rides along a lonely road at night, to see, here and there, the warm light flashing out into the darkness from some isolated hearthstone, and hear the cheery bark of the watch-dog; and it is likewise pleasant to pass along the busy pavement of some city suburb, at twilight, when the gas is just being lighted, and before the careful servants have closed the basement shutters, excluding the gaze of passers-by from the bright, well-furnished dining-rooms where the cloth is being laid for the cozy tea or luxurious dinner. Here is the glitter of the frame of some picture upon the wall, there the flash of the silver

table-service; there a child running to the door for the expected father; here a mother overlooking the arrangements of the hour—all so comfort-suggesting, so substantially bright and domestic, that we love these vivid glimpses, brief as they are; and we sometimes linger, *not* to see what the strange household has for tea, or to gratify a morbid curiosity to ascertain what such a number are going to have for dinner, as Mrs. Grundy might, but to delight ourselves with fancies of the peace and plenty within. And these twilight glimpses suggest to us a thought, which is,—that as a single ray from a farthing candle, piercing the gloom of the forest, from the window of some lowly hut, looks glorious to the weary and lost traveler, and reaches a great way out into the gloom, so a single kind word or humble deed of love to those who are in need or trouble, seems to them resplendent with a hope and comfort which we little guess.

EVERY-DAY ROMANCE.

"Well—well!" as poor Jane Eyre used to say. There is a deep philosophy in the little words, that reveal strange things in the history of the heart. We often picture the noble, struggling woman—her days of suffering, and cares and tears—her bitter struggles with duty and the counter-impulses of her loving heart; and we used to wonder if it were possible that such pure and glorious creature could have lived but in the imagination of the sad authoress. But experience teaches us, day by day, that just such heroines are in our midst—that just such histories as Jane Eyre's are living out their day in our own neighborhood, but are hid from the eye of all; and, smothered up in their own darkness, will forever remain unwritten.

"Well—well!" Let them remain in secret, for the angel who records each pang of suffering—each bitterness drained, will not desert them; and God will have a fullness for the pining heart that shall swell to an unwritten joy, when at last the grave shuts out suffering. It is all well—WELL.

SELF-COMMUNION.

Who hath not grown strong in heart from a silent musing? Who hath not felt, at times, the unconquerable spirit burning within, and stirring the pulses to fever heat

for the time? Who hath not sworn vows in secret for the accomplishment of some great purpose? Yet, who, in the wide world, hath kept his vows until the end! Who, through all experience, hath still preserved the spirit at a fever heat, and never faltered in his race? Who hath grown strong in musings, and yet retains his strength? The heart hath two worlds—the inner and the outer;—and the spirit which whispers in the inner world, is a good spirit, talking of holy purposes and holy duties; but it forgets that the heart which has to act and go abroad in the outer world, is not the same heart that beats for the inner world, and, therefore, its lessons are almost all lost. Sometimes, however, our love for the sweet spirit prompts the heart to remember its teachings and to do its bidding; then we are, indeed, great and good men, for we live to do right;—but, alas! how soon we drown the spirit's voice in some hate, or envy, or spite, or wrong! Ah! if we could but let the hours of musing be repeated and sacred—if we would but listen to the promptings of the spirit, we should be so much better—so much happier.

FLOWERS.

Some one has said, and how truly, that "a pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence." How, during a weary illness, have we looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent a few flowers, our heart has leaped up to their dreams, hues, and odors, with a sense of renovated childhood, which seemed like one of the mysteries of our being! Flowers are ministers of grace, indeed; and their blessed presence is ever a balm. Love of them is a love of the purest beautiful:—hate of them—if it were possible, is a cause for distrust. And where is the dwelling whose windows treasure a rose, a geranium, a cactus, or verbenas, there, we know, is sunlight around the hearthstone, even though sorrow may have entered at the door—there is a quiet joy which the world can not dim. Blessed flowers! Their mission is one of gladness and beauty, and we covet their presence as we covet all holy and precious things.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

THERE is, perhaps, no earthly home which can be called perfectly happy. Sickness, toil, care, poverty, death, the imperfections of our mortal estate, and the infirmities of mind which beset us, some discontent, regret, or disappointment, continually step in to throw at least passing shadows over the cheeriest hearthstones. The father has his pressing cares and anxieties, his ambitions and hopes deferred; all mothers know that the pleasure given by the innocent little ones that troop about the "family altar," is equaled only by the incessant watchfulness, the trembling fears which they keep awake; and even the merry children have their secret load of grief, or their loud complaints, which prove their share in the human inheritance of sorrow. Yet, although suffering, loss, and grief can not be averted—though sickness and misfortune can, by no earthly wisdom, be always escaped,—there is *one talisman* that will charm the home wherein it is treasured, so that even pain will be less like pain, sickness will be comforted, the trials of temper will be almost overcome, and self-denials, wants, troubles, and toils will be like clouds which are fringed with gold in the smile of the summer sun. Of course, there is but one name for this talisman,—we need not mention it—every heart at once answers that it is LOVE. But love, to be effective of the highest good, should be demonstrative. It is not enough that it dwell in the soul—it should find daily, hourly, constant expression in *gentle words* and *thoughtful actions*. Then, indeed, its superhuman power will become apparent—the hearthstone will be so glorified, that even death can not permanently darken it—for love is immortal, and has Faith and Hope for sisters.

Where a loving disposition *actively displays* itself, there, rest assured, is the nearest approach to happiness to which any home can attain. Economy may be necessary, self-denial a thing of every day, and pain a watcher by the bedside, but the *home atmosphere* permeates all things with warmth and life; there is a genuineness of comfort, a reality of living, a sense of security and

joy, which no dissipation, splendor, wealth, or self-indulgence ever bestowed. Alas! that in such a majority of houses, the spirit should be, if not absent, undemonstrative! "By their works ye shall know them,"—how can love better prove its own worth than by its good deeds? We know husbands and wives in whose innermost souls burns the flame of affection, which times of trial will prove to be unquenched, yet, in their daily life, they take no pains to enhance each other's pleasure by those many nameless little "arts and wiles," those small, sweet tokens of interest which are as necessary to a perfect development of the family happiness as dew is to the flower. We know sisters who love each other deeply and dearly—who are silently fond and proud of each other; but this does not deter them from the constant exercise of their powers of satire upon each other's feelings, from hasty words, indifferent actions, and stinging repartee. Mothers there are, who, while really living lives of self-sacrifice for their children, never draw them to their bosoms with playful words and tender kisses; fathers, who drudge and toil, and yet get but little credit from the thoughtless groups to whom they seem more stern and critical than affectionate; and children, who, while they really love those to whom they are so much indebted, have no winning way of showing it, no ready acts of thoughtfulness, no springing steps, and willing hands, and beaming faces.

To serve should be the joy and proof of love. Selfishness is incompatible with its growth and beauty. If you love, give proof of it—and oh, how many times greater will be your reward, than any self-indulgence could possibly bring you! It ought not to be hard to work for those we love; and the pleasure which every act of affection, be it ever so trifling, is sure to give, is equaled by the pleasure it bestows also on the giver. We are believers in all the innocent traditions, and pleasant, even if foolish, customs of the family circle—the making of birthday presents; the keeping of home holidays; the wishing of wishes; the pretty surprises;

the little testimonials of affection and remembrance;—every thing that serves to keep active and present the spirit of love, which, otherwise, even of its own timidity might shrink unrecognized into the shadows of the dwelling, to be dragged out only on state occasions. But when we began this article, we were thinking principally of the *daughters of the household*,—the young girls whom every body calls amiable and agreeable, whom the fathers dote upon, the young men admire, and *the mothers are slaves to*. Ah, girls! did you ever think of that? Your mothers are your servants; yet, so accustomed are you to accepting all kinds of service, and sacrifice, and love-offerings from their too liberal hands, that you go on, unconsciously, in your selfish exactions; take all, and require more, while thinking yourselves, all the time, as pretty, as good, and as generous as your admirers declare you to be. It is more from thoughtlessness than from any real evil-heartedness; nevertheless, it is wrong—a crying sin—and you should look to your consciences, whether they do not accuse you of a great fault. If your little fingers but ache, you expect mother to sympathize, to bind them up, to set you down in the sofa-corner, and heal and pity you. But do you, in return, give thought to her headaches and heartaches? do you spring to save her the weary step? are you glad of the smallest opportunity of lightening her household duties? do you take pride and pleasure in little personal attentions which would be so grateful to her? do you evince that respectful consideration for her opinions to which she is entitled? are you sure to see that she is served with the first and the best? Do you, young, light, and healthy, *wait upon mother*? or does mother, infirm, careworn, and patient, *wait upon you*? Ask yourselves, girls, and find if you have not a cruel neglect with which to reproach yourselves. Take to yourselves no credit for amiability which is never tried, goodness which is proven by no good work, love which takes all and gives nothing.

Cookery, in our large cities, has become both an art and a science. The science be-

stowed upon the preparation of the dishes is enhanced and ornamented by the *art* with which one dish is made to set off and follow another, with all the proper relishes, sauces, and relays. The epicure wants his haunch of venison with a peculiar dressing, else it is not venison to him,—and his roast turkey must appear with the appropriate sauces, or it is not a turkey to be commended. Even his wine must be imbibed from glasses of colors, forms, and thinnesses or thicknesses to suit its kind and quality, or it loses half its flavor. Now this may be carrying gourmandism into excess; and we can not expect all the finish of city luxury upon the tables of ordinary housewives. Nevertheless, the plainest cooks, and those compelled to economy, may profitably study the agreeableness of dishes consorting together, and give a better relish to the simplest dinner by having such as enhance each other's good qualities.

Desserts which are digestible and welcome in cold weather, may be dyspeptic, heavy, and uncomfortable to the stomach during the heats of summer; while an August or July dinner may be finished off with jellies, cold, light custards and puddings, creams and fruits which will leave a most cooling and *unburdensome* recollection, but which in mid-winter would hardly be so satisfactory.

Neatness should be the goddess ordained to preside at the table. She should hold scrupulous and absolute rule over her handmaid.—Order, and grace should have under their scepter, the linen, the silver, the arrangement and contrasting of colors and hues, the grouping of dishes, and the general effect. “Artistic effect” is as possible, as much to be studied, and as desirable to the *good effect* of the board, as to the success of the well-conceived picture.

Baked apples are an excellent dish as a relish to almost any dinner; but if you would have them particularly delicious, as well as give them a handsomer appearance for the table, choose those which are a little tart, of good size; pare them; dig out the cores, and fill the hollows thus made with a lump of sugar and butter to each; put a little water in the bottom of the pan, and bake them tender.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have received a valentine—at least, one has mysteriously appeared upon our table; but since it probably is not intended for a staid, married person like an editor, we pass it over to the first fair claimant:

As hollyhocks are fond of dew,
As bees are fond of clover,
So, dearest, I am fond of you,
I say it over and over.

As wrens and robins are fond of worms,
And fishes fond of water,
I'm fond of you—the fondest terms
Express not what they ought'er.

I'm fond of you, as Laps of oil,
Or Esquimaux of blubber;
To other's tears my heart's rich soil
Is tough as India-rubber.

As corn is fond of August heats,
As cattle are of fodder,
As children are of stolen sweets,
Or a fisherman of a rod, or

As a boy of his first new boots,
Of a sled and snow in December—
As lawyers are of chancery suits,
Or the church of a wealthy member,

I'm fond of you—and fonder grow,
I blush not to confess it;
There's naught, not even "Adams & Co."
That ever can "express" it.

I beg of you, my dearest, then,
Accept my love—don't spurn it!
But make me happiest of men
By saying you'll return it.

To all which a sly puss at our elbow suggests this brief rejoinder:

Be happy then, my ardent friend—
Your love, I will not spurn it;
By the next mail, the love you send,
I'll faithfully return it.

We find another little rose-colored missive, which we are tempted to keep; a solitary white plume fluttering out of Hymen's instead of Cupid's wing:

Many years ago,
When all without was February snow,
But our warm hearts were in a summer glow,
With blushes, smiles, and hopes of youth divine,
We promised, by the good St. Valentine,
I to be thine, thou mine!

Years hasten and depart,—
As thou wert then, thou art
But closer intergrown with this true heart;

Till we have now no fears
But that the love which thus this life endears,
Will keep us mates through the eternal years.

—A valentine! Ah, what a dower of sweet memories the word brings us! Young love's dream—white roses—billets and blue ribbon—flushed cheeks—curiosity—what a troop of experiences for the "house-warming" of our now staid and sober world! Or, perhaps, the missive was a burlesque, a caricature, an ebullition of some young lover's anger, causing the cheek of us to flush, and the young heart to swell in indignation all as real as if the offense were capital. But the best memories live longest, and few valentines come back to us, except those with sweet faces, and demure eyes, and pure words for their utterance. *Such* should they *all* be, and would have been, if the perversity to abuse all good gifts had not dragged the time and the sweet messengers into committing wrong. The custom is passing away; and we fear, if something does not interpose to recall its old language of purity and pleasure, it will only exist in tradition for our children.

—Our publishers have received letters congratulatory from all directions, and, what is more *material*, have entered "the lists," and been most severely *clubbed*, as their own confession and looks (*qu.* books?) show. For all of which the editor feels grateful, hopeful, and resigned. The best "Card of the Public," for the publishers, would be to quote from those letters; but how it would savor of egotism and complacency to reproduce such personalities! For them, the editor says thanks, since they prove her labors to be welcome; and the friends of "The Home" may rest assured no effort shall be spared on her part to render the Monthly a beloved visitant at every fireside whither it may be permitted to venture.

—A mother wishes to know "if we love little children's sayings?" Assuredly, yes. What a parent we should be, if we did not love them! And we shall always be glad to have those sayings narrated, for, possibly, some will bear repetition, and we

know the readers of the Magazine will not object to giving them place.

— The public—that patient, long-suffering public, rightfully descended from the men of Diogenes—threatens to be inundated with a sea of newspapers,—*new* newspapers. If the late financial pressure pressed the life out of some things, it certainly has pressed new life into the press, for never before were so many journals started in so brief a period of time. Within a few weeks we have had “introduced to the kindly consideration of the *intelligent* public,” Gleason’s *Line-of-Battle-Ship* (what a name!); *N. Y. Saturday Press*; *The Century*; *The Consterna* — *Constellation*, we mean; *The Stars and Stripes* (!); *The Budget*, monthly; *American Monthly*; *The Great Republic*, monthly; *Saturday Express*, Boston; *Our Musical Friend*; *The Telegram*; besides several others whose names have escaped us. It is to be hoped that the public morals will greatly increase with this expansion of these “levers of the mind,” for, according to their prospectus, they all have come to perform some special mission of good. Wait and see what a year brings forth, yet do not possibly indulge the hope of sleeping with unlocked doors for a few months to come! It might be unreasonable, or, rather, uncharitable, to think *some* of these new “candidates for favor” will do as they say the people do up in the highlands of Tennessee, namely: “never die, but kind o’ gin ’eout and blow away.” We shall see.

— One of the wittiest repartees we ever heard, was made by Henry Ward Beecher, a few days since. A notice having been laid upon his pulpit desk, of a lecture to be given in the Unitarian Chapel, Brooklyn, by Rev. Chas. Brace, in aid of the funds of the proposed Home of the Friendless, Mr. Beecher remarked that “he did not know about that. The lecture was by a Unitarian, in a building whose pews and cushions were all Unitarian, —nay, even the bricks of the edifice were Unitarian, and, though the charity was a blessed one, he thought there was danger to the real *orthodox* soul to contribute under the circumstances. The staid and sober of his congregation might go into the chapel and be uncontaminated, but the young and

wavering, he thought, had n’t better go.” It will be borne in mind, that the *Christian Intelligencer* had given Mr. Beecher a severe castigation for his unwarrantable liberty of lecturing in Theodore Parker’s chapel, in Boston—he was charged with having showed charity to Unitarians, and therefore had favored the cause of infidelity. As the remarks made in allusion to the lecture of Mr. Brace were simply an application of the *Intelligencer’s* “philosophy,” the effect upon Mr. Beecher’s audience may be imagined, not described.

— We have awaiting insertion, “The Prisoner’s Guest,” by Miss Mary J. Crosman; “A Broadway Sketch,” by Grace Lorrette; “The Reward of Merit,” by Clara Augusta; “Imogene Vane,” by “Our Sibyl;” “The Correspondence of Franklin;” “Randolph on Women;” “Skipper George’s Story;” “Literature of Wedded Life;” “Flowers on the Path of Life,” etc., etc. A paper may be expected in the March number by Mrs. Caroline A. Halbert. We are promised something, also, from the pen of our excellent friend Col. S. D. Harris, of the *Ohio Cultivator*. Anson G. Chester, Esq., will favor us with his exquisite sketches, as time permits. W. T. Coggeshall, Esq., Ohio State Librarian, will cater for our pages. Mrs. Helen L. Bostwick will have one of a series of stories in the March number. We have on hand a number of poems passed over to the “accepted” drawer, which will be used as occasion permits. Altogether, it seems to us that the readers of “The Home” promise to be well cared for by our “literary staff.”

— The paper “Beatrice” is from Goodrich’s superb volume, “World-Noted Women from Semiramis to Eugenie.” It is a fine specimen of composition and character-painting. The author treats his subject from an original point of view, and throws Dante forward into pure relief. Through the sorrow of an eventful life, the poet preserved that one image in his heart beside that of the blessed Madonna, and his worship offered no stain to Beatrice’s character as a wife and mother. The narrative is a beautiful episode in the history of earthly loves. We shall transfer others of Mr. Goodrich’s masterly delineations to our

pages, for they are eminently worthy of reproduction.

— The communications, "Fashion," "A Dream," "Night and Morning," "To Winter," "Our Hope is in Heaven," "Miserere," "Mothers," etc., etc., are not available. The tale "The Schemer Foiled," is under consideration. So also are the "Essay on Plants," and "A Visitable History."

— Many MSS. remitted we find unavailable. In some instances there is a want of merit, and an absence of proper authorial experience; in others a want of harmony with the principles and purposes which govern the choice of matter for a magazine of this nature. Several tales remitted are good, but are too lengthy for these pages. Authors must bear in mind the necessity for variety in every number, and number their leaves and circumstances according to the most *adaptive* rules. Of poems—they come *very* freely, and but few are up to the required standard of excellence. Our young friends need not feel discouraged by the refusal to use their effusions herein, for many things which "The Home" does not use, are still worthy of a hearing, and doubtless would have it, if offered to other pages. We thank our friends, one and all, for their many favors, and trust they will not remit their interest in these pages, even though we can not use all their communications.

— The publishers having appropriated the last page to themselves, our "Book Notices" have had to lie over to next month. We have secured several works of interest which shall not be passed over in silence. Publishers should send in books designed for notice as early in the month as possible, that we may have time to read the work leisurely.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

— We are most happy to announce the fact that "The Home" never was so prosperous as at this present moment. Our subscription lists up to January 1st, showed an increase of *eighty-five per cent.* over any previous year. More clubs are being made up than ever before, by a greatly increased figure. The magazine is fast reaching com-

munities and families whose patronage it has never before been able to command. We are most grateful for this prosperity; and can assure our readers, it shall be an incentive to renewed industry and vigilance to render "The Home" the *very best* fireside monthly published in this country. Let our friends labor with good heart, then, for we shall more than fulfill our promises.

— The publishers would be lacking in self-respect, were they to fail in acknowledging themselves deeply grateful for the many, very many kind, approving letters which have been written them by the friends of the magazine. It was to be presumed that the changes made would have impelled some to remit their interest in the monthly; but, not only has it proven otherwise with old friends, but every mail, for some days past, has brought word from new friends, whose good opinion it is a source of pride to win. The January issue of the magazine, by more pens than modesty permits us to mention, has been pronounced "the best number of 'The Home' ever printed,"—showing how satisfactory the changes made have proven. The confidential character of the letters which the January number has called forth, prevents quotation of their generous expressions; otherwise, the publishers might indulge in the pardonable vain-glory of showing how intelligent mothers and cultivated home circles regard the magazine. The future, with its results of largely-increased circulation and acknowledged influence of the monthly, shall tell the story. For the present, let us say, "God bless you, friends! and may we be permitted to reach new homes, new hearts, with each monthly issue."

— It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding our lists are so greatly increased over those of any former year, there really, so far as we know, are fewer contestants for the premiums offered than ever before. The increased number of subscribers is from the great number of clubs, which goes to show that individuals are taking a *personal* interest in the magazine aside from any considerations of profit. This is pleasant, of course, to realize; and we deem it but proper to mention the fact, in order to encourage those contesting for the superb

premiums tendered. We have resolved to spread the circulation of "The Home" far beyond what its most sanguine friends ever have predicted for it, and made our premium offers, accordingly, unprecedently liberal, to induce extensive and thorough co-operation. We hope they will be made available to a greater extent than ever before, and thus not only answer our purpose, but also place in many a home something which will always be a source of profit and pleasure.

— Never register your letters, is the advice of magazine publishers generally. To do so, is to tell every post-office clerk what letter has money in it, so that he can help himself if he chooses. As a great many *do* help themselves, it is suggested that the best way to avoid having *your* money stolen, is to let no one know that any money is inclosed. "Registering" is a very happy device of Uncle Sam to replenish the empty purses of his assistants; but, if good for the old gentleman, it is hard for the long-suffering community. So "register" no more letters, but get a good bill or draft for the amount, seal carefully, and the chances are the remittance will reach us safely.

— Correspondents writing on business concerning the magazine, should direct to the publishers, "Beadle & Adams, 333 Broadway, N. Y.;" but all communications designed for the editor, should be directed to her, in care of the publishers. If, in writing, the correspondent has a word both for publishers and editor, two separate notes may be written, inclosed in the same envelope. This will insure to letters their proper consideration, and save any thing from being overlooked or mislaid.

— The exquisite steel-plate, in the last number, has called forth much commendation from the press and from subscribers. We shall give, in the course of the present year, several very beautiful steel plates, already secured. The one in the

present number tells its own story, and a pleasant story it is. We shall also use, as occasion offers and circumstances require, fine wood-cuts in illustration of articles. This feature will prove, without doubt, a valuable and an acceptable one to readers of this monthly. The "world of New York" offers every possible facility for getting out a *complete* magazine, and we shall not fail to avail ourselves of the fingers of engravers, and electrotypers, and printers, and paper men, to have the "make up" of "The Home" entirely satisfactory and creditable.

— To the press the publishers must express their obligations, for the generous and hearty welcome given "The Home" upon its entry to the new volume. In no time, during the three and a half years of the publication of the magazine, have so many flattering notices been showered upon it, as were called forth by the January number. We shall take occasion to use some of these editorial expressions; and trust it may be our good fortune to merit their further approval. When the press is pleased, the public will not fail to respond likewise; so it shall be our earnest endeavor to make our magazine an acceptable visitant to the table of the discerning editor.

— May it not be permitted us, as publishers, to direct special attention to the story, "The Wrong Righted," now appearing in these pages? Having perused the whole manuscript, we can confidently pronounce it a very remarkable production in many respects. There is a power, a pathos, a subtle insight of the human heart, which can not fail in commanding the admiration of every intelligent reader. Probably no serial now appearing, possesses more real merit as a work of the head and heart. We consider ourselves fortunate in having secured the story. Having stereotyped the January number, we shall always be able to supply subscribers with the first chapters of the story.